

we comment in a later part of this number. Here we will only extract one remark. LORD ARTHUR, than whom there is no more personally estimable member of the Dissident group, observes that "the presence of one Gladstonian at a dinner-party destroys the easy and pleasant flow of conversation," and proceeds to inquire why this regrettable result follows. He makes out in substance, but does not state quite clearly, the obvious explanation. It is because the presence of such an outsider checks "Liberal Unionists" in their favourite occupation of descanting on their own moral virtues and intellectual eminence. They have a dim suspicion that the Gladstonian may be laughing at them.

THERE have been rumours during the week of the discovery of a serious plot against the life of the Emperor of Russia. According to one account, the Palace of Gatschina has been undermined, as the Winter Palace was during the lifetime of the late Emperor. Whether this be so or not, it is to be feared that plots against the life of the Czar undoubtedly exist, and that these are but symptomatic of the general state of discontent in Russia itself. No one can regard the position in which the unfortunate Emperor now finds himself without a feeling of profound compassion for a man who, undoubtedly actuated by good intentions, has yet to encounter the assaults of an enemy almost impalpable and apparently altogether irreconcilable. English sympathies have been profoundly stirred by the revelation of the cruelties practised in Russian prisons, but even these cannot in any way affect the horror with which we hear of attempts to advance political reform in Russia by a resort to the weapons of the assassin.

MR. GLADSTONE made a pleasant speech on Wednesday evening at a meeting of the South Eastern Railway workmen in connection with their Savings Bank. It was one of these "asides" in which he occasionally indulges in the midst of the hottest political debate, and it illustrated afresh, not so much his versatility as the equableness of his temperament and the catholicity of his sympathies. For a political leader in such a week as the present to deliver an unstudied but most graceful and pleasing little harangue, in which old and new methods of locomotion were contrasted, railway servants complimented on their efficiency and politeness, and thrift and independence of character lauded—with suitable illustrations—is a phenomenon which has extorted words of admiration even from those who are most bitter against MR. GLADSTONE in his political character.

POST-OFFICE *employés* are still agitating. They demand that their Union shall be recognised by the authorities in all matters of dispute as to wages, etc.; that the eight hours of the normal working-day shall be eight continuous, or nearly continuous hours, and shall in no case be stretched over twelve hours; and that overtime shall be paid at time-and-a-half rate. Also they demand an increase in the ordinary rate of pay. Meanwhile, they are joining the Union in immense numbers, and the work at St. Martin's-le-Grand is reported to be very much behindhand. MR. RAIKES, constitutionally incapable alike of holding out and of giving way with grace, begins to present to the world a ludicrous spectacle. It is Nemesis. He was so very blithe, so very mirthful, at the beginning of the year. Do we forget how he set the table in a roar at the Jubilee Postal Banquet?

THE question of admitting women to the Examination for a Medical Degree came before Congregation at Oxford last Tuesday. It is notorious that shyness will make nine professors out of ten inaudible in a public room; and, in consequence, a practice has arisen of strewing Oxford with

polemical pamphlets for the day or two preceding an important debate. Such a pamphlet in this instance had been put forth by PROFESSOR CASE. The Professor urged that it was improper to admit women to any medical examinations in a University of men, and also that it was not for Oxford to settle the question. He defended this position on Tuesday, and invited the Vice-Chancellor to "remember the persistency of women, sir." But the importunate spinster has been winning all along the line during the last few weeks. So PROFESSOR CASE was beaten, and the preamble carried. Placets 75; Non-placets 58.

THE announcement that an outbreak of cholera has occurred in the Spanish village of Puebla de Ruyat is decidedly disquieting. It will be remembered that at the time of the severe epidemic of influenza last winter attention was called to the fact that previous visitations of the same disease had been followed by the return of cholera to Europe. At the same time it is difficult to connect an isolated outbreak of the much-dreaded complaint with the visitation which a few months ago swept across the Continent and wrought such serious mischief both abroad and in England. In all probability the disease, the appearance of which has occasioned so much alarm in Spain, is merely the ordinary summer cholera due to insanitary conditions and unwholesome fruit; but none the less it behoves the authorities in this country to be on their guard against the possible appearance of an enemy so greatly to be feared.

DURING the week ended Wednesday night gold amounting to nearly £600,000 was withdrawn from the Bank of England, and there was some expectation, therefore, that the Directors on Thursday would raise their rate of discount. They decided, however, not to do so. In the Open Market the rate of discount has risen almost quite up to the Bank Rate. It is feared that exports of gold to the Continent, South America, and Egypt, may be large for some time to come. Therefore, bankers and brokers are unwilling to discount at the rates accepted by them recently. And, if the fear is realised, it is likely that the Bank of England before very long may have to raise its rate. Next week the fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlement, and the near approach of the end of the month and of the half-year, will, in any case, make the demand for money so large that rates are very likely to advance considerably.

THE state of the Money Market, and uncertainty as to whether a Silver Bill will after all be passed by the American Congress, has caused a general fall in prices upon the Stock Exchanges this week. Speculators, apprehensive that they may not be able to borrow readily next week, are selling eagerly the securities they had bought in the hope of a rise; and the sales are likely to continue for a week or so longer. But the general impression is that there will be a recovery early in July, as it is understood that the French Funding Loan will then be brought out, and there will be other issues which will make it necessary for the great financial houses to support Markets. Besides, in July, unless gold exports become very large, the Money Market may be expected to be easier. In the meantime general trade continues good. For the first twenty-four weeks of the current year there is an increase on seventeen principal railways of the United Kingdom of nearly £50,000 a week in gross receipts, and for the last four weeks the increase has exceeded £62,000 a week. As railway traffics were exceedingly good last year, this shows that the volume of business is even larger than it was then, and the Clearing House returns and Market reports confirm the evidence of the traffic returns. The prospectuses are issued of the Egyptian 3½ per cent. Preference Loan for £29,400,000 (consequent upon the conversion of the Egyptian 5 per cents.), and the Guadalcazar Quicksilver Mines, with a capital of £400,000.

THE SINKING MINISTRY.

THERE is no need to dwell upon the fact that the present Ministry is in a foundering condition; but the gods are really carrying the dementation with which they prepare men's ruin beyond all reasonable bounds. The Parliamentary evil of the moment is the unparalleled congestion of business. The Ministerial remedy for congestion is a proposal which will consume several days—some go so far as to say at least a fortnight—of Parliamentary time. The new Standing Order will give rise to three separate discussions. First, the Opposition will very properly affirm that a great and important change in Procedure ought not to be made until it has been deliberated upon by a Committee chosen from among the weightiest members of the House. That is the course that was followed in 1848, and also in the other House in 1861 and 1869. The House ought to know what the Speaker has to say, and what is to be said by old Parliamentary officers in other places. There has been no deliberation at all upon the present proposal as it stands. The Bills of Lord Derby in 1848 and of Lord Salisbury in 1869 turned upon a different point. Again, a most important Committee of the Commons sat upon Procedure in 1886. Such a proposal as the present was not even brought before them for their consideration, and was not considered by them. It was, it is true, discussed in the Commons in 1882, but in a very perfunctory way, and was rejected in a House of less than two hundred members by a majority of two to one. The new Standing Order ought, therefore, to be thrashed out in Committee. This is all the more necessary because the Government have, with their usual cleverness, gone out of their way to make their new Standing Order needlessly elaborate and cumbrous. They have, for example, fixed a date after which no public Bill shall be proceeded with—a regulation of an extremely doubtful, if not a downright impracticable, character. Why could not the fixing of a date be confined to the case of a given Bill or Bills, as an emergency might arise? Then, the apparent inclusion of Bills coming from the Lords will need most careful consideration. Whether, however, the right and proper course proposed by the Opposition be adopted by the Government next week or not, it is at any rate certain that the motion for the Committee, to be moved by Mr. Whitbread, will take time.

Supposing Ministers to resist the motion for a Committee, and to carry the majority with them, then a second debate will follow on a motion to substitute a Bill for Standing Order. This is a question on which legitimate difference of opinion may arise among old Parliamentary hands and others. It abounds in what the public outside will regard as technical matters. All this will have to be debated, and that debate, too, will consume another slice of Parliamentary time. If the proposal to proceed by Standing Order and not by Bill is successful, a third stage in this wonderful expedient for relieving congestion and securing an early summer holiday will still remain. There must be a resolution, which the Government will have to press, to apply the new rule to the case of the Land Purchase Bill, for the sake of which this whole stir has been made. Here, again, the Government have made a mistake; they might as well have had the courage of their own obnoxious courses, and, while they were about it, taken pains to have the resolution to apply the suspensory order to a given Bill put without debate. As they have apparently missed the point, we may be quite sure that on this third step in the business a debate will arise on the almost bottomless question whether the Land Purchase Bill is a measure that demands this novel and peculiar treatment. Such is the outlook—three considerable debates interposed in the last week of June, in order to accelerate a programme which was already hopelessly overloaded, and to enable members to get into the country while the days are long and the trees still green.

What makes this new move of the Government such an unaccountable piece of perversity is that no shadow of a necessity or emergency exists to justify it. The professed object is to save in the next Session the time consumed this year in the three stages through which the Land Purchase Bill has passed. The Bill occupied half a sitting on its introduction, and five sittings—one of them only an afternoon—on the second reading. The third stage, the Speaker leaving the Chair, did not take two seconds. Therefore, what the thing comes to is this; that, in order to save four or five days next year, when the House is fresh, and Ministers are free to distribute business as they please, members are this year to be kept for twice four or five days at a moment when they are at once jaded and excited, and when they are at their wits' end how to get through the work that is already on their hands. Grant, if you please, that the change is a good one on the merits. Why make it now? What man of common judgment does not see that the sensible course would be to discuss the new rule next January, and then, if Ministers be so minded, to apply the new rule to the Purchase Bill at once? The Government would attain their professed object exactly as well for all practical purposes as if the rule—which is not to be used until next February—were forced through this June.

In calling the perversity of the proposal unaccountable, of course we know the explanation well enough. The object is to enable Ministers to say that they have stuck to all their measures, and that the Land Purchase Bill is not dropped, even for an hour. They are anxious to have an excuse—however hollow, idle, and futile—for saying this, first, to save the *amour propre* of the Irish Secretary, and secondly, to pacify the Dissentients. The Irish Secretary is of far too sceptical a turn of mind to have any illusions as to what is called remedial legislation. Plenty of Coercion is his policy—and it is the whole of his policy. But the Dissentients have found balm for their own sorely-wounded political consciences in importunate assurances that they will atone for plenty of Coercion by plenty of remedial legislation. It is no wonder that they are dismayed at the new departure. Land Purchase is dropped for this year. It is postponed to 1891. But the postponement of Land Purchase to 1891 means the postponement of Irish Local Government—the other ingredient in their patent Coercion salve—to 1892; and, considering the dismal condition of the Government to-day, their promises to pay in 1892 are the least negotiable paper that was ever floated. No wonder, we say, that the Dissentients feel themselves baffled. In Birmingham, to be baffled is to be furious; and that explains the holy and inspired rage with which the *Daily Post* of that city denounces the Government.

As for the substantial advantages of the change of Procedure, we will not discuss them to-day. At first sight the power of hanging a Bill up, and resuming its consideration at the point where it was left off, seems to be a very sensible process. But it is worth remarking that everybody who has ever advocated the suspensory power, has expressly excluded from it great Bills such as those on which Governments stand and fall. There is a reason for this. No Bill of the first order of importance can be delayed without undergoing considerable transformation in the hands of the Ministry in the interval. The history of the Great Reform Bill furnishes one among several examples of the changes for which delay gives an opportunity. Nobody can doubt that in the case of a complex and by no means well-contrived measure like the Land Purchase Bill, the Irish Secretary ought to use the interval before the next Session in consulting Irish opinion—the opinion of the landlords only, if he likes—and this consultation might well result in vital alterations in the Bill. But this sort of transformation he will be unable to effect. The Bill to be resumed in Committee next year must be the identical Bill that has passed its second reading this year. A cast-iron process of this kind must impair the quality of legislation, in which no possible opportunity for

re-consideration and re-casting should be thrown away. But of all this we shall hear much more when the discussion on this most ill-timed proposal begins.

THE PARTITION OF AFRICA.

SINCE the days when Pope Alexander the Sixth divided the New World, which he believed to be apart of the Old one, between the Spaniards and the Portuguese, no appropriations and allotments of uncivilised territory have taken place on a scale comparable to those of the last few years in Africa, by and between the great European Powers, and especially by and between Germany and Great Britain. It is true that these allotments are finding only as between the contracting Powers, and do not of themselves create rights of sovereignty. Nevertheless, they are made in the view of leading to such rights in the long run. The partition which has just been announced purports to be a final one, so far as Central and Southern Africa are concerned, for it leaves hardly any part of these vast regions unclaimed either by those two Powers or by Portugal, Italy, or the Congo State. It is made more startling by the very unusual step which Lord Salisbury has taken in bartering away a conquest which Great Britain has held for eighty-three years, a piece of land in Europe, against more or less shadowy concessions in Africa. We do not, however, propose in this article to discuss the whole question of African annexations, still less the general character of Lord Salisbury's attitude and policy towards Germany. What we desire first to do is to estimate this particular division and bargain in itself, reserving larger topics for a later occasion.

Five African districts came into question between Germany and England. The first was the so-called "Hinterland," or Back Country, between Lake Tanganyika and the Congo State on the west, and the recognised "sphere of influence" of Germany on the east. As to this, the contention of Germany was that the rights yielded to her towards the coast must be taken to carry with them a right to the Back Country between the same parallels of latitude, running westward as far as to the limits of the Congo State. No authority has apparently been cited for this doctrine. It is an *à priori* invention of German publicists, possessing that sort of bold simplicity which is fitted to commend it to a philosophical people. The claim, however, was met by England differently as regards the north and the south extremities of the region which it covered. In the south we could point to actual British mission settlements in the region round Lake Nyassa and the southern end of Tanganyika, as well as to the fact that it was a British traveller who first explored the country. In the north our position was less strong. The work of exploration had been chiefly done by our countrymen, but there were neither missionaries nor trading stations. We could, however, urge that as our position had been recognised in the great region to the north and north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and again in the still greater region on the Middle Zambesi, we ought to have a free passage north and south, from the one region to the other. Such a passage was to be found in Lake Tanganyika itself, if our protectorate (to use a convenient though not very accurate name) was made to come down to that lake, both at its north and at its south end. This was a point of great importance, and might have been secured had a line been drawn west and a very little south from the south-west extremity of Victoria Nyanza to the north end of Tanganyika. The acknowledgment of the right of

Germany to the whole east shore of Tanganyika and the country between that and her protectorate to the eastward, was so great a concession to her that England might well have insisted on her claim to touch both ends of the lake. However, Lord Salisbury has abandoned the north end, and consented, in relinquishing the territories lying between Tanganyika and the first parallel of south latitude, to place all communications between the Northern British Protectorate in Uganda and the far southern one on the Zambesi at the mercy of Germany. The latter consents to let a trade route remain open across the territory yielded to her. But we know from experience what these promises are worth. Russia made a similar promise regarding Batoum, which was repudiated after just eight years. At the southern end of Tanganyika, the British claim has been partially admitted. Part of the region at the northern end of Nyassa which we had counted on has been yielded to Germany; but another part has been secured, and with it the road called after Mr. Stevenson, of Glasgow, which runs from Nyassa to Tanganyika. This road is to constitute the future boundary of German and English influence. But here the position of our countrymen was already so strong that Germany could not attempt to press against established facts her theory that whoever holds territory to the east must be entitled to march westwards, and call everything his that lies in the same latitude.

In this district, therefore, England has clearly made a bad bargain. Let us go on to the second, that which lies on the west side of Africa, in the little-explored country along the twentieth parallel of south latitude, between Damara Land and the Matabele kingdom. Here the twentieth meridian of east longitude had been recognised as the frontier-line of German and British authority, but it was left uncertain how far north this line of demarcation was to be continued. *Prima facie*, adopting a rule similar to that which the Germans insist on applying at the other side of Africa, this line would have run on northwards till it struck the frontier of Portuguese West Africa about lat. 17° S., giving England the country west, north, and north-west of Lake Ngami. Here Germany asked for rectifications. Damara Land is barren and very thinly inhabited. She wished to have something more promising to the north-east of it, and in particular to touch the upper waters of the Zambesi. England desired no change; she was content to stand on the twentieth meridian. Here Germany has had her way. How much she is to obtain is not known even to Lord Salisbury, for the details have been left to be settled between the representatives of our Foreign Office and Dr. Krauel, who is much more likely to get his way than they are to get theirs. There was probably good reason for obliging Germany in this quarter. Something could be yielded to her without any injury to British interests. But what was yielded ought to have been used as a ground for requiring corresponding concessions to Great Britain elsewhere.

The third district consists of the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba and the long strip of coast which belongs to the Mohammedan Sultan of Zanzibar. English influence was dominant at Zanzibar till some four or five years ago, when concessions were made by Lord Salisbury, which allowed Germany to obtain a footing. By the arrangement now made England obtains the protectorate of the islands, while Germany is to take the strip of coast. Zanzibar, as a considerable city and trade emporium, is no doubt worth having, though England can hardly be supposed to have thought so when she threw it away some years ago. But it is very doubtful whether its trade will be of the same value when German Custom Houses have been established all along the opposite shore. It may turn out that we have taken the husk and left Germany the grain.

The fourth district lies along the East African coast to the north of the "sphere of influence," in which the British East African Company are at work, and includes the petty Sultanate of Witu. There a German protectorate existed on

the mainland, though England claimed some islands. Here Germany recedes, and the protectorate is yielded to us. The value of this protectorate seems a matter of pure conjecture. The coast is of small account, and hardly anything is known of the interior. Doubtless the British East African Company will be pleased to have no German neighbour on that side, but so far as the general interests of Britain are concerned, the gain seems slender.

The fifth district is on the Gold Coast. Here a concession is made to Germany, but one not sufficiently important to need discussion.

Looking at the matter as a whole, the conclusion seems to be that Germany comes off a gainer. She gets all she could possibly have expected in the Back Country up to Tanganyika. She gets what she probably did not expect, and certainly had but a weak case for, in South-West Africa between Damara Land and the Zambesi. She yields her joint protectorate over Zanzibar and Pemba, but obtains in return the much larger strip of mainland opposite. She yields Witu and coast to the north of it. But that concession is scarcely sufficient to balance her acquisition on the west coast. Taking the African readjustments as a whole, there seems more occasion for England to demand compensation from Germany in some other quarter of the world than for Germany to address such a demand to England.

However it is Germany that has asked compensation and England that has given it. Germany has asked and England has agreed to give Heligoland. Now we do not for a moment argue that territory ought never to be surrendered. Heligoland has no great value for us either in a naval or in any other point of view. It might be good policy to transfer it to Germany for some adequate consideration. But the amount of that consideration is to be measured, not merely by what the isle is worth to us as possible vendors, but by what it is worth to the Germans as possible purchasers. The value they set upon it has been fully shown by the chorus of jubilation in the German press over the bargain. By its means some clear and broad gain ought to have been purchased. No such gain, so far as we can at present judge, has been purchased. The bargain is a bad one; and Heligoland has been thrown away. Lord Salisbury has given it in 1890 to get back the Zanzibar protectorate, which he resigned in 1886.

It may be asked whether these African territories are worth bargaining about at all. Their value, whatever it may be, lies in a distant future—a future which may never arrive. To attempt to administer them now would involve heavy cost and indefinite responsibilities which we are not prepared to undertake. Even the gain to trade in keeping certain large areas free from the exclusive tariff system of Germany is a remote gain, probably not worth the risks which any acceptance of new liabilities in Africa involves.

But whether this view is true or not, it is not Lord Salisbury's view. He is not entitled to defend himself by taking refuge in it. He has dealt with our African claims as if they were of value. He has made a very wide-ranging bargain with the Germans about them, and after giving in the business of African barter more than he has got, has also thrown in as a make-weight the one European possession which they most wished to acquire, and which if given away, ought at least to have been given for some worthy object. If you bargain at all, you ought at any rate to bargain well, and not suffer yourself to be outwitted. It is not the first time that the Germans, and indeed the French too, have outwitted Lord Salisbury, whose weakness they have long since perceived. His foreign policy, of which we have heard so much praise, is a policy of retreat all over the world. Let us at least hope that we shall never hear again of the timidity of Liberals or their indifference to British interests abroad, when the author of the San Stefano Circular of 1878 has now made a surrender far more surprising, and far more gratuitous, than any for which Liberal Government has ever been censured.

MORE OF MR. BALFOUR.

SOME of our Unionist contemporaries, abashed by last week's debate about "shadowing," were moved to suggest that Mr. Balfour should discontinue a system so revolting to every decent citizen. But they misunderstood their man. Moreover, they reckoned without their own responsibility. They have made the Chief Secretary what he is. They have lauded his "firmness;" they have propagated his grotesque myth of "law and order;" they have urged him to pay no heed to any censure of the violent vagaries of coercion. Mr. Balfour has bettered the instruction in every case; and now that some of his friends are daunted by the storm which rages round a characteristic and essential feature of his system, he rebukes their faint-heartedness by exulting in his own consistency. "Shadowing" is on no account to be abandoned. The police are to exercise what Mr. Balfour humorously calls their "discretion," by assuming that a "shadowed" person is guilty of illegal practices. Men as reputable as the Chief Secretary himself, as blameless in all the relations of life, are to be dogged in the public street like malefactors, and held up to odium in the House of Commons as "criminals." The priest may not visit a sick parishioner without the company of policemen who hover at his elbow. The wife of a Nationalist member is forced to accept the escort of men who translate the polished impertinences of the Chief Secretary into the vernacular of the constabulary. All this is done under the pretence that everybody who is obnoxious to the authorities is "a paid agent of crime." There is no warrant; there is no arrest; there is no legal indictment of any kind. Mr. Balfour is quite superior to the prejudice which suggests that this arbitrary interference with social relations should be established only on the formal opinion of the law officers of the Crown. In this business those instruments of "law and order" are treated as useless appendages to the Chief Secretary's almighty wisdom. True, there is one way in which "shadowing" may be avoided. "People will not be followed," said Mr. Balfour in a moment of condescension, "if they give any indication whatever that they propose to abstain from illegal practices." What is the kind of "indication" that would satisfy the Caddells and the Roches? What is a certificate of good behaviour to a magistrate who orders a bâton charge, sentences the broken heads next day, and sticks out his tongue at obtrusive visitors in the interval? Every one who does not share the "discretion" of these officials is liable to be "shadowed" by constables, some of whom may be accidentally decorous, but all of whom are directly stimulated by Mr. Balfour to the exercise of the stupid tyranny which prompts every man of spirit to take the law into his own hands.

This does not exhaust Mr. Balfour's contempt for the usages of civilised administration. In the midst of the general wreck of the Ministerial credit, he wishes to pose as an unshaken pillar of strength. He strives to stir the flickering courage of the distracted Ritchie, and to stiffen the unhappy Smith. His example is not entirely wasted, for the indomitable Mr. Raikes goes on hounding down letter-carriers, and Mr. Matthews bravely docks the refreshments of the Metropolitan police. But they have not Mr. Balfour's opportunities. He has the glorious satisfaction of justifying the extinction of a bonfire in New Tipperary. The friends of Mr. William O'Brien in that town—that is to say, the entire population—lighted the bonfire to celebrate Mr. O'Brien's marriage. Had they been Orangemen letting off squibs on the Twelfth of July, nobody would have molested them; but as they were friends of Mr. O'Brien, they were dispersed, their bonfire was put out, and their flag seized by the police. The chief Tory journal sees in this bonfire a terrible instrument of "intimidation," but for once Mr. Balfour is not equal to that exalted strain. He says it was an obstruction of the traffic—the traffic which consisted of the movements of people engaged in the illumination. Moreover, "it

would not be tolerated in England," where on the Fifth of November some towns are given up to the processions of Guy Fawkes. This consideration for English precedent comes with exquisite grace from the Minister who outrages English sentiment every day of his life, who cannot endure the popularity of a triumphant opponent, and who has turned the government of Ireland into a system of lawless ruffianism and organised ridicule.

IN ARTICULO MORTIS.

FOR some days the world has waited patiently for ampler information as to the rights and wrongs of the controversy between Mr. Matthews and Mr. Monro. Mr. Matthews has endeavoured to explain his misfortunes in the House of Commons. Mr. Monro has devoted his efforts to checking the indignation of his subordinates, and to calming the unquiet agitation among his men. Rumour—fathering the wish of the community—has suggested Mr. Matthews' resignation. Mr. Smith blandly wonders how anything contentious can be found in the Police Bill. Meantime Mr. Monro is presumably making preparations for his departure from Scotland Yard, and the drift of public censure is beginning to set steadily against his chief.

Were not reckless partisanship foreign to their nature, Liberals might view with undisguised complacency the frequent troubles and collisions which have of recent years accompanied the police administration in London. No stronger argument for popular control could be forthcoming than the apparent impossibility of working the present system well. So long, however, as the present system lasts—and its tenure of life cannot linger long after its tenure of public confidence has ceased—we cannot overlook the fact that the Home Secretary and not the Chief Commissioner is its responsible head. The Chief Commissioner is answerable to no one but the Home Secretary. The Home Secretary alone is answerable to the House of Commons. Until, therefore, a better arrangement be arrived at, the only control which the public have over the police of London lies in their control of the Home Secretary in Parliament, and through him of the executive officers below. That principle of the Home Secretary's responsibility for all acts of police administration must be rigidly maintained; for if it once were forgotten, if the Home Secretary permitted the Chief Commissioner to take his own line of action, and declined on that ground to make himself responsible for it, the only shadow of control which the public retains would disappear.

Apart, however, from the question as to which of these two officials must be the final authority, there is the distinct question of whether in this instance Mr. Matthews has been right. So far as the facts have been revealed, Mr. Matthews would appear again to have displayed the astonishing unwisdom which has characterised his official life. Of all the members of this Government, Mr. Matthews has certainly been the most uniformly unfortunate and unsuccessful. He has committed blunder after blunder. He has come badly out of every explanation. When in a difficulty he is, it is true, often clever and alert, but somehow or other—if we may say so without being offensive—Mr. Matthews' clever alacrity in escaping from a difficulty always leaves the impression that he is not quite straight. In the present case, it seems that Mr. Monro resigned principally on two grounds. He would not countenance what he regarded as a job. He felt bound to insist on large alterations in the proposed Police Bill. Mr. Matthews thereupon thought better of his job and altered his Bill; but at the same time he accepted Mr. Monro's resignation. It is this conduct which has excited perplexity. If Mr. Monro was acknowledged to be right, why was he turned out of office? On that point the public ask for satisfaction, and decline to take the Home Secretary's discretion upon trust. The Police Bill, in one shape or another, is

shortly to come before the House of Commons. Mr. Smith imagines that "the feelings which are entertained towards it by a most deserving body of men" will be likely to secure its general acceptance, and to silence the critic's voice. But nobody knows what Mr. Matthews' intentions really are, or how far they are likely to prove elastic under the pressure of keen opponents or of angry friends. One thing only everybody does know, and that is that the police force is thoroughly discontented with the measure as it stands. There can, we think, be little doubt that the demand for the higher rate of pension is reasonable, and that the question of a rise of wages is ripe for consideration. We require the police to perform duties involving a high degree of discipline and courage, as well as tact and temper. We place them in a position of power which can be easily abused. For such work, character and capacity are needed, and the wages of twenty-seven shillings a week which the men ask for cannot be considered exorbitantly high. On these points it may be possible to squeeze the Home Secretary into reasonable concessions, but we fear that Mr. Matthews is not likely to recover the respect of Parliament or of the police. And therefore, though in view of the Ministerial confusion it may seem invidious to draw distinctions between Mr. Matthews' fate and that of his colleagues, we feel that it would still be better for the public interest that Mr. Matthews should go first.

"SOCIETY" AND HOME RULE.

OUR good friends of the *Spectator* have been discussing lately a question which, though it is not so important now as it was a couple of years ago, is still one of considerable interest. It is the question of why the political differences on the Home Rule Question have caused so much friction in social life; or, to put it as Lord Arthur Russell does in his letter to the *Spectator*, how it is that "the presence of one Gladstonian" at a dinner-table "entirely spoils the easy flow of pleasant conversation." We confess that we are pleased to find this subject being discussed in Unionist newspapers, because it shows that our antagonists are at last awakening to a consciousness of the fact that there has been something in their conduct of late years which requires explanation at all events, and possibly even reparation. The truth is that Society has not been a pleasant place for English Liberals during the last four years. We were hardly, indeed, conscious of the fact that the case was so bad as Lord Arthur Russell believes it to be, and that the presence of even one Gladstonian at a dinner-table was sufficient to spoil a pleasant evening; but every man who happens to agree with Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Question has had ample opportunity of learning that "Society" looked upon his political opinions with so unfavourable an eye that it could hardly afford to be civil to him in his private capacity. The time seems to have arrived when we may fairly ask on what pretext this system of social boycotting is based, and how it is that the Irish Question has been allowed to affect our social relations to an extent to which there has been no parallel in recent times.

Nothing would be easier than to treat the question raised by the *Spectator* in a spirit of raillery. It is impossible not to smile when Lord Arthur Russell, for example, having in the first place announced that his Gladstonian friends consider him a prig, proceeds to deliver himself of a sentence like the following:—"Not long ago a Gladstonian friend told me that reading the *Spectator* caused him unusual irritation from the tone of superior morality which you, sir, assume, and with which, let me say, I feel myself quite in harmony." Before the lofty morality of Mr. Joseph Surface we must of course bow in all humility. We are not sorry indeed that Lord Arthur Russell should have expressed his innermost sentiments with their ludicrous baldness of language. Still we do not believe

that it is mere vulgar pharisaism of this kind which leads so many Unionists to regard supporters of Home Rule as creatures with whom it is difficult for men of honour to associate. The *Spectator*, at all events, takes a worthier line, and it is with the *Spectator* and not with its rather egregious correspondent that we have to deal. Nevertheless, when stripped of those qualifications and explanations which are meant to soften a hard saying, we fear that the *Spectator* in the end comes to pretty much the same conclusion as its correspondent. It cannot sit down at table with any Gladstonian in comfort, because it feels that he is a man who is labouring under a moral error so grave that there can be no possibility of sympathy with him. The moral error, we are told, is that of treating Home Rule "as one of those subjects upon which *for grave party cause* a man may justifiably hold successive opinions."

We are glad that we have thus at last got an inkling of the offence which has entailed upon the Liberal party that petty system of social persecution from which it has been suffering since 1886. It is not, it appears, because Home Rule in itself is an immoral thing, but because we have begun to advocate Home Rule "for grave party cause," that we are unfit to associate with other people. This, we take it, is an accurate statement of the excuse given by the *Spectator* for the virulence with which Society treats the ordinary Gladstonian. We need not dwell upon the impertinence of the assumption that the Home Ruler must be, in the first place, a person "who has forgotten in his party excitement the first elements of Christian morality." It is more to the point that we should ask for the evidence on which our highly moral opponents found this charge against us. Even they cannot pretend that it applies to Mr. Gladstone; for their own chosen leader, Lord Hartington, has expressly exonerated Mr. Gladstone from the charge of having gone over to Home Rule to serve any party ends. The *Spectator* cannot, besides, have forgotten that the first serious step taken by Mr. Gladstone, after he had come to the conclusion that the Irish Question must be reconsidered from a new point of view, was to communicate to Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, his willingness to co-operate with him in dealing with the great problem in order that it might be settled on national and non-party lines. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, is exempt from the charge of having "forgotten the first elements of Christian morality" in the heat of party excitement.

But does the charge apply to his followers? The Unionists seem to suppose that because the bulk of the Liberal party have accepted Mr. Gladstone's changed views on Home Rule with delight, they had no minds of their own on the matter, and merely changed because their great leader told them to do so, or because they saw that it would be to the advantage of their party if they did. This it seems is the offence which has proved them to be of inferior moral quality to the men who have refused to modify their opinions as to the proper treatment of Irish discontent. But the assumption involved in this accusation ignores, in the first place, those serious psychological influences which affect opinions on politics as well as opinions on religion. The *Spectator* would apparently deny the reality of those wholesale conversions of great bodies of men under the influence of one strong emotion emanating from a master-mind, which have been common in the history of the Christian Church from the days of the Apostles to those of the latest American evangelists. We do not say that these psychological influences had much to do with the Liberal conversion to Home Rule; but when we are told that this conversion was necessarily hypocritical, we are entitled to remind our opponent of their existence. But the assumption further ignores certain well-established facts with which all who took an active part in political work in the years between 1880 and 1886 are familiar. It is notorious that during these years most thinking Liberals were not only filled with anxiety on the question of our policy towards Ireland, but were earnestly considering

whether, after all, we were not on the wrong tack in trying to force English ideas upon her people. In every Liberal club in England, long before Mr. Gladstone had changed his mind, there were bodies of men—neither few nor unimportant—who had already come to the conclusion to which Mr. Gladstone came in 1885. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" this little leaven of opinion in favour of a policy of conciliation was working steadily if imperceptibly all through the Liberal party during the whole life of the 1880 Administration. People who knew nothing of what was passing outside the limits of Society were of course ignorant of the growth of this sentiment in favour of concession throughout the rank and file of the party; but there it was, all the same, and to a large degree it accounted for the wide extent and the apparent suddenness of the Liberal movement in favour of Home Rule when at last Mr. Gladstone recognised its place in the Liberal programme.

Besides the men who had actually adopted Home Rule before Mr. Gladstone did, there were many more who, like Mr. Gladstone, felt that they could enter into no negotiations with the Parnellites until they knew whether they did or did not represent the Irish people. Such men openly declared that they would wait for the new election—that of 1885—in order to see what the views of the people of Ireland really were upon the Home Rule question. That election, as we know, took place on an enlarged franchise, and it resulted in the most astonishing victory for Home Rule ever gained by a party or a cause. It was then that Mr. Gladstone, who had openly talked of the importance and significance which must attach to the electoral returns from Ireland, felt that he had no longer to deal with a little faction in Parliament whose reputation had been injured by the crimes of the dynamiters, but with a whole nation—whom no man could indict. Those other Liberals who, like him, had waited for the 1885 election, felt as he did, and recognised the fact that, however humbling it might be to their pride, however damaging to their reputation for "consistency," they must now face anew that great problem which up to that moment they had only regarded from one point of view.

It is difficult to those who know something of the struggle between inclination and interest on the one side and duty on the other, which took place in the breasts of thousands of good Liberals during the winter of 1885, to listen with patience to the cruel and shameful imputations which are so recklessly cast by the Unionists on the honesty of the Gladstonian Liberals. But there never was a more grotesque perversion of the truth than that which represents that the great change of opinion on the Home Rule question was a mere change of front dictated by a clever party leader for the purpose of gaining a mean and shameful party advantage. We hesitate to bring single cases into this discussion of broad facts. Yet we may venture to remind the *Spectator* that one of Mr. Gladstone's strongest supporters, a man who died but the other day, and to whose stainless integrity and moral courage the *Spectator* itself did justice, was converted to Home Rule opinions in the process of writing a lecture against Home Rule to deliver to the constituents for whose votes he was a candidate. It was not an easy matter for a man in such circumstances to confess his change of view, and face the ridicule, the cruel misrepresentation, and still more cruel misunderstanding, to which he exposed himself in consequence. In his case, as in that of many others, conversion to Home Rule meant the immediate sacrifice of political prospects, the loss of friendships dear as life itself, and submission to that cold ostracism by Society which has been the lot of Home Rulers since 1886. But he faced the sacrifice with courage and cheerfulness, not charging the self-styled Unionists from whom he parted with being "rats" or "renegades," but believing fully that he had found a better solution for the great feud which for centuries has been the plague, the weakness, and the shame of our country, than a persistence in the

weary round of perpetual coercion, perpetual discontent, and perpetual hatred. He may have been wrong—even as our Unionist friends occasionally admit that they also may turn out to be in error—but at least the conclusion to which, after sore travail of mind and heart, he came, was arrived at from no base or selfish motives, and to the end was clung to with an honest joy in the conviction that here at last the medicine which was to heal the sickness of ages had been found. And yet this noble and upright soul, who had nothing to gain and nearly everything to lose by his conversion to Home Rule, was one of those whom Society thought fit to regard as an out-cast, and whose hand Pharisees like Lord Arthur Russell would have professed themselves unable to touch. The day will come when, among its many follies and mistakes, Society will admit that there has been none greater than its attitude during recent years towards the advocates of peace with Ireland.

LORD WOLSELEY'S RETIREMENT.

THE statement which appears to have been made by the Adjutant-General on the 11th inst. may signify either resignation on special grounds, or retirement by efflux of time slightly antedated. Since 1871 Lord Wolseley has held one or other office in Pall Mall for about fifteen years, and the hard-and-fast rules as to the limited tenure of staff appointments, rigidly enforced in the case of many deserving officers, have been liberally interpreted in his favour. As Adjutant-General, his term of office has already been extended by two years, which would terminate in any case this autumn. Whatever, therefore, may be the precise meaning of the recent announcement, it cannot bear the full significance which an earlier resignation would necessarily have implied. At most, the inevitable period seems to have been anticipated by about two months.

A change in the office of Adjutant-General is a matter of national importance; since the efficiency of the army as a weapon of war, its training, and its discipline, depend to a great extent upon the strength and the capacity of the holder for the time being. Under the system of centralisation, which is the bane of the military institutions of Great Britain, responsibility—if, indeed, the term is really applicable in the case of any War Office official—centres in a special sense upon the Adjutant-General. At the Admiralty, there is no analogous post, and not even the first Naval Lord wields the power for good and ill which has been long vested in Lord Wolseley. Whatever may be the real reasons which have led to the step now contemplated, they cannot be entirely dissociated from the rumours of extreme friction at headquarters which have been persistent of late. Possible explanations are not far to seek. The report of Lord Hartington's Commission has been for months before the country, and action of some kind must apparently be taken. When statesmen of experience, differing so totally in calibre and in political opinions as Lord Hartington and Mr. Campbell Bannerman, Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Randolph Churchill, are agreed that an "unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs" exists, it is inconceivable that no efforts in the direction of reform are to be made, and that so grave a warning is to be entirely disregarded. The Commission has wisely accepted and recorded the fact that under the Parliamentary institutions of the country, control of the army must ultimately rest on the Secretary of State for War, and that the problem of administration resolves itself into providing that Minister with "the best professional advice available, tendered under conditions of the greatest responsibility possible." At the Admiralty, the supremacy of the First Lord has for some time been recognised, and though among the older officers of the navy there are some who consider that the Board should be revived in its integrity, the great mass have loyally accepted the existing conditions, under which the efficiency of the service has markedly

improved. At the War Office, on the contrary, the old traditions are carefully preserved. There is a national navy; there is as yet no national army! Fortified by the opinion expressed by the Commission, it is possible that Mr. Stanhope has asserted his powers, and pressed for reforms distasteful to the military heads of the War Office. To the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hartington's report must necessarily have been unpalatable, and the Adjutant-General, resenting the arrogation of new powers by the Civil Minister, may, conceivably, have joined forces with his military chief, and sought by a species of appeal to the country to protest against coming innovations. Other causes may, however, have combined to inspire Lord Wolseley's action. The present Adjutant-General must have been something of an *enfant terrible* to the responsible Civil Minister. From time to time the country has been startled by the expression of strong opinions on platforms and in promiscuous magazines, which in one case drew a reprimand from the Prime Minister in the House of Lords, and in another a distinct rebuff from the Secretary of State in the Commons. The rôle of irresponsible critic cannot be conceded to an official charged with the duties whose performance he calls in question. He can at any time resign office, and state his reasons, leaving the country to judge between him and his chief. He may not sharply criticise and remain. This, Lord Wolseley has failed to see. When, in the *Fortnightly Review* some eighteen months ago, he plainly intimated that the training of the army was obsolete and absurd, the question at once irresistibly suggested itself—"Why have you, with the great powers entrusted to you, not changed all this; or, if this was impossible, why do you not resign?" More recently, an article in an American magazine attracted notice from its contemptuous allusion to the dress of British generals—a matter determined by the highest authority. Such utterances are not compatible with the higher discipline of the army, and must have been embarrassing in the last degree to the Secretary of State. A strong Minister—even a Minister desirous of assuming the semblance of strength—could not entirely ignore such freaks on the part of his principal adviser.

Lord Wolseley's record is brilliant. No officer in the army has had such varied experiences. Certainly none has shown greater ability, or such a marked individuality. His conduct of the Egyptian Expedition of 1882 gives one proof at least of military genius of a high order. The impracticable scheme for reaching Khartoum in whale-boats broke down, as was inevitable; but the energy and capacity exhibited by the commander of the force were open to no doubt. No other general would have carried the expedition so far along a line strewn with such difficulties. His tenure of office as Adjutant-General fell on troublous times, and, although he may not have fulfilled all the expectations to which his great abilities gave rise, the army owes some considerable reforms to his initiative. An impossible system of administration, embodying the anachronisms due to past traditions and the anomalies produced by successive tinkering, based on no principle, and working only by the chance motive power supplied by individuals continually interfering in each other's work, is mainly responsible both for friction and want of vigour. The very office of Adjutant-General involves anomaly. Technically the mere chief staff officer of the Commander-in-Chief, he is practically the principal military adviser of the Secretary of State, and it is easy to understand the extreme difficulties under which Lord Wolseley has long laboured.

While the appointment of a successor to the office is still under consideration, it may be well to point out that the first essential is a system based on definite principles, and defining clearly the scope of individual responsibilities. No amount of genius will atone for the deficiencies of a faulty system. A sound system would at least work smoothly, while it would enable mediocrity to be detected—and displaced. The

country needs a workable War Office. The post of Adjutant-General demands a rare combination of qualifications. Intimate knowledge of the army, a natural genius for administration, and unvarying tact are seldom united. Practically the British officer receives little or no administrative training outside of India, and it is there alone that organising power receives a chance of real development. On the other hand, long service in India is unfortunately held to imply a certain disassociation from the methods and habits of thought which rule the army elsewhere. Whatever may be the ultimate decision, it is certain that, unless radical reforms are instituted, the new Adjutant-General will be confronted with all the difficulties which have weighed upon Lord Wolseley, and thus hampered, he will hardly achieve greater success.

HELIGOLAND AND THE HELIGOLANDERS.

SEVERAL years ago I visited Heligoland with a view to see the island and learn what the inhabitants thought of being incorporated with Prussia. The opinion prevailed at the time of my visit that Prince Bismarck had resolved upon annexing Heligoland. Though he denied entertaining such an intention, others considered that his heart was set upon acquiring the island, and he was the more popular with his countrymen on account of being credited with the intention of adding a British possession to the Prussian Kingdom.

I had heard much about Heligoland before seeing it, and what I learned from speech or writing was not favourable to the island. It was pronounced a worthless rock in the North Sea which had been undermined by rabbits, and was rapidly disappearing under the water owing to the ceaseless efforts of these hungry little animals. I did not believe that rabbits, even if imported and of German birth and breeding, could devour rock as rapidly as they can devour growing crops; yet the voracity of these rabbits was vouched for so emphatically by contributors to German newspapers that I was prepared to believe that their powers were as abnormal as their appetites.

To reach Heligoland from a German port one takes a steamer from Hamburg or Bremen. I went to it by way of Hamburg and returned by way of Bremen, the sail down the Elbe being very interesting, and that up the Weser not less so. From Hamburg to Heligoland the journey occupies five or six hours; the time taken between Heligoland and Bremen is an hour less. In the season, which lasts three months, and begins at the middle of June and ends in September, the steamers which ply between Heligoland and the German mainland are crowded with passengers. It is estimated that the visitors during the season number upwards of 12,000. Steamers leaving Hull also touch at the island, and English visitors, who have been increasingly numerous of late years, generally choose the direct route from this country. There is no bathing on any part of the North Sea Coast which equals that at Heligoland, and persons in delicate health make the journey from Vienna in order to breathe the fine sea air and bathe in the strong sea water around the little island which has been a British possession by conquest since the year 1807.

Before passing into British hands, the island belonged to Schleswig; the people are Frisians by race and speech, and they have never had any sympathy with their German neighbours. The old Frisian tongue, which has many affinities with that which is one of the glories of this country, has gradually become as rarely used in Heligoland as Erse is in Ireland, as

Manx is in the Isle of Man, and as Gaelic is in the Highlands of Scotland. Yet the Frisian tongue and Frisian customs are not yet extinct, and the Heligolanders cherish the remains of both with a pride of which they have no reason to be ashamed. As a result of long intercourse with the German mainland, the language of Germany has been adopted by the Heligolanders; it is taught in their schools and it has become the official language. The service in the Lutheran Church is in German. No compulsion has ever been brought to bear by the English Governors of Heligoland in the matter of speech; the English language is taught in the public schools to those only who desire to learn it, but not a single pupil has objected to acquire the official tongue of the British Empire, and no parents in Heligoland, though objecting to send their children to school, have ever protested against them being taught English. The result is that the Heligolanders speak English as fluently as German, and this gives the Heligoland pilots a great advantage over those North Sea pilots whose only speech is German.

The island when beheld from the sea is a striking and picturesque object. The distance between it and the mainland is about twenty miles. It is when the first sight of it is caught that the accuracy of the Frisian lines is appreciated, and, as these lines are the few survivors of an old language which is doomed, I fear, to go the way of that which was once spoken in Cornwall, I shall quote them, adding a literal translation for the convenience of those who are not Frisians or masters of their ancient speech:—

“Road es de Lunn,
Grön es de Kant,
Witt es de Sunn—
Deet es de woaper vant Heligolant.”

“Red is the rock,
Green is the land,
White is the strand—
These are the arms of Heligoland.”

The rock itself is as dark red as that along the south coast of England between Dawlish and Torquay, while the grass which forms the covering of the upper surface of Heligoland is as intensely green as that which pleases and refreshes the eye in South Devon. The belt of sand at the base of the red rock is as brilliantly white as that at Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight, of Babbacombe Bay near Penzance and at the Lizard. A more beautiful prospect when the sun shines brightly cannot be conceived; to see it is alone worth the journey.

Many places, from Constantinople to San Francisco, are most enchanting when seen from the water; those who wish to preserve their illusions ought not to make a closer acquaintance with them. Heligoland is an exception. The visitor is quite as much pleased with it when he lands as he was when he first gazed upon and admired it from the deck of a steamer. He finds that the inhabited part of the island is divided into two parts, the upper and lower towns, the upper town being 170 feet above the lower. The number of steps which must be mounted to ascend from the one to the other is 203. I say this as the result of my own observation. I am told that a lift, as at Quebec, now spares those who wish to ascend any weariness of the flesh in so doing. The principal hotels, the church, the Government House and offices are in the upper town, and there, at the extremity of the island, is the lighthouse, wherein a powerful light, at an elevation of 257 feet above the sea level, forms a beacon of which the mariner best knows the value. Several cannon of a new model are in position near the lighthouse. Though the island is not a fortress, it is something quite as useful, being an excellent coaling station for men-of-war, and a landmark and place of refuge for the storm-tossed sailor.

I looked in vain for rabbits in Heligoland. I saw several

sheep browsing on the grass on the upper part of the island, and I thought that an imaginative German seeing these sheep after his dinner or supper, may have mistaken them for gigantic rabbits busily engaged in devouring the island. The Governor explained to me that the rabbit story was a myth. How it originated he could not understand. Paragraphs sometimes appear in newspapers which puzzle their readers and which the conductors of the newspapers cannot explain, and this rabbit fable may be classed among them. About a mile from the rock of Heligoland there is Sandy Island which bathers frequent, and where a few rabbits burrow and breed in the stoneless sand. No one is injured by them, and any one who can shoot them is permitted to do so. It is easier, however, to retail fiction about rabbits than to shoot them.

While in Heligoland, I conversed with all classes of the people, and I found that they had but two grievances. The first was that the gaming-house, which used to yield a revenue, as well as attract many strangers, had been closed by order of the Colonial Secretary; the second being that the number of English visitors was small. The Heligolanders are glad to entertain Germans; but they are opposed to annexation to Germany. When the statement became current that Great Britain contemplated surrendering Heligoland, a deputation representing all the able-bodied men of the island, the number of the population exceeding 2,000, waited upon the Governor and informed him that rather than become Germans under compulsion, they would emigrate to America. Whether any change has come over the opinions of the Heligolanders since I had the pleasure of sojourning among them, I cannot tell. I found them a most agreeable and loyal people. Never have I seen the Queen's birthday celebrated with so much enthusiasm as in Heligoland. Unless I greatly err there will be many heavy hearts in Heligoland when it is heard that they have been disposed of as so many animals who have neither voices nor souls. Surely before the cession of Heligoland be consummated, the wishes of the Heligolanders ought to be ascertained! Let them decide by ballot under which sovereign and flag they choose to live and die. If they vote for annexation to Prussia, their freely expressed opinion ought to prevail. Before the Ionian Islands were ceded to Greece, the islanders had repeatedly declared their desire for the change. When the Boers had self-government restored to them, they obtained that for which they had hoped and longed. In pleading for the Heligolanders, I would urge their claim in words uttered by one of the greatest statesmen who ever served this country, and whose king admitted, when it was too late, that he was a man whose loss was a national calamity. In the spring of 1806 the King of Prussia annexed Hanover. On the 23rd of April in that year, Charles James Fox, then Foreign Secretary, presented a message from George III. to the House of Commons, and used the following words when doing so:—"If we are to make exchanges, let us exchange those things which are the proper object of exchange; let us give a field for a field, or let us exchange its stock—its oxen and its sheep; but let us not consider the people of a country or the subjects of a State as matter for exchange or barter. There must be in every nation a certain attachment of the people to its form of government, without which no nation can subsist. The principle, then, of transferring the subjects of one prince to another strikes at the foundation of every Government, and the existence of every nation."

Are the Heligolanders to be sold or bartered like dumb driven cattle, or are they to have a voice in the destiny of their native island? As British subjects, and loyal to the flag, they ought not to be treated by Parliament as mere counters in the miserable game of faction. Their weakness should prove their strength. They have not been guilty of any crime, unless their anxiety to remain citizens of the British Empire be accounted one. Let them not be turned adrift without a hearing.

W. FRASER RAE.

LOST, A SELECT COMMITTEE!

MR. SMITH, who is wont to apologise for his dazzling political eminence on the grounds of honest industry and capacity for business, must have been regarding Lord Hartington this week with a gentle melancholy. The *Standard*, indeed, would have him adopt the demeanour of Coavins's man in the presence of Harold Skimpole: he is "to bid farewell to all further doubt and indecision, and march straight forward upon the objects which he has in view," which is more or less the way in which Coavins's man behaved. Says the *Standard*, with unaccustomed brilliance of illustration, "When troops begin to waver, or show symptoms of unsteadiness, that is the time when a charge of cavalry is fatal," and this remark contains all the qualities that would recommend it to Mr. Smith's intelligence, were that intelligence in a normal condition, unshaken by the events of the past week.

The facts are these:—Lord Hartington as chief of a party, small but select, has a secretary and whip, Lord Wolmer; and of both these noblemen much may be said, but especially that they differ from Mr. Smith in some important respects. Now Lord Wolmer, replying for Lord Hartington to a communication from the Liberal Unionists of Devon and Cornwall on the Compensation question, included in his letter this sentence,—"The Government have also determined to propose next year that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into and consider the questions of Compensation which have been raised by the present and other proposals."

How did Lord Wolmer pick up this piece of information? Why, by copying a portion of the speech of Lord Hartington to the Liberal Unionist Conference the other day, as officially reported by the Press Association. And how did Lord Hartington's speech to the conference contain it? Marry, it was misreported. And how came Lord Hartington to allow the blunder to pass into Devon and Cornwall? Because Lord Hartington's eye was not caught by the sentence when he glanced through his secretary's letter.

Observe, however, the tragic results of this light-hearted treatment of grave matters. When, on Monday night, the Opposition began to ask questions about the proposed Committee, Mr. Smith could not imagine whence Lord Hartington drew his information, and Lord Hartington could not conceive that he had given it. So presently, after a vain effort to read each other's thoughts across the floor of the House, they retired up, like two conspirators in a melodrama: when, no doubt, Mr. Smith pointed out that the prisoner did not answer well, who accounted for the blood on his handkerchief by saying, "in the first place, 'taint my handkerchief at all, an' in the second, my nose bled."

On Tuesday morning appeared the letter to the West-country Unionists, and this "rubbed in," so to speak, the damage done by the Press Association's report. So, on Tuesday evening, Lord Wolmer arose and made what he called a "personal explanation." Lord Wolmer's ideas of a personal explanation were as well worth the having as Mrs. Todger's notion of a wooden leg; but the particular instance he supplied would smell as sweet by any other name. "I am authorised by Lord Hartington to say," he explained, "that he saw the draft of my letter before it was sent, but that he did not particularly notice the expression 'determined to propose.' If he had, he would have altered it to 'are prepared to assent to.'"

And then Mr. Smith "joined in the general laughter that the situation created" (*Daily News*). He neither cast dust upon his head, nor exclaimed, "*Percant Domini Hartington et Wolmer, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*" Like the Jester in *King Lear*, he flung the last word of oppressed humanity in the face of fate—and it was a gibe!

It was heroic. And therefore we think it was ill-advised of the *Standard* to present him on the very next morning with the information that "nothing is such an effectual damper to any plan of hostile strategy as the consciousness that it is useless." Truths so subtle should be kept for cooler moments.

MR. RHODES'S GREAT SCHEME.

RECENT Cape newspapers report that the great "trek," organised by Mr. Rhodes for the British South Africa Company, was on the point of starting from the Diamond Fields for what the new journalism fondly calls "the land of Ophir." No press telegrams have appeared reporting the onward progress of the expedition, and there has probably been one of those delays such as are inevitable even where a Napoleonic genius like Mr. Rhodes is at the head of affairs. This remarkable man has spared nothing to insure comfort and good-humour amongst those Argonauts of the desert who have yielded their fortunes into his keeping. The hundred waggons which precede them contain amongst their freight the paraphernalia of a cricket club, a football club, and a lawn-tennis club, besides a portable theatre and scenery. The force will be "chaplained" by no less a dignitary than a Canon of "the Church of South Africa." The expedition is a composite body—including several hundred natives, all free men and liberally paid; five hundred mounted policemen, including baronets, brokers, and members of the Pelican Club; and, lastly, a body of one hundred and fifty picked "pioneers"—young men of character and strength, skilled in all the arts of life as it is lived on the frontiers of civilisation. Each of these, when the expedition arrives at its far-distant goal, and many of the Pelican police as well, will receive a certain number of gold "claims," or farms of six thousand acres—for both of which the Company will expect them to pay dues as some return for its stupendous outlay. As the force moves forward, it will, at first, skirt the new railway into the interior which Mr. Rhodes is pushing forward, as a quite minor feature of his great project, but at an expense which will ultimately run into millions. After that, passing through the Crown Colony, it will reach the narrow strip of country called the Bechuanaland Protectorate, skirting the South African Republic, until it reaches the country claimed by Khama, a remarkable "missionary-kaffir" with a quite too retrograde notion of the value to be ascribed to regular church-attendance. He does not, indeed, attend divine worship himself, preferring to sit in a verandah opposite the church door, and count his subjects as they flock in. By the time the first hymn is commenced, he knows quite accurately how many are truants, and he forthwith despatches his favourite policeman to bring them in by the ear. When the expedition has left Khama behind, it will at the same time take leave of its comrades of the Government Police Force, and push eastwards into the country claimed for Lo Bengula, a chief for whose jurisdiction Lord Salisbury has done as much in the way of "blowing" as the missionaries have done for Khama. Although it is the official doctrine of the English Government that in all the vast region between the Transvaal and the Zambesi no dog dare bark save by Lo Bengula's leave, yet the territory actually occupied by him and his people is but a fractional portion of the whole, consisting of an oblong of military kraals trending north-eastwards, and having his great place Buluwayo as a nucleus in the south-west corner. The territory through which the expedition will pass is practically uninhabited, and will be found comparatively flat, until, in its onward progress, the column turns northward and heads for Mount-Hampden, through a country which is but little known, and has hitherto been avoided by all northern travellers. The accustomed route passes north of Buluwayo, but to have adopted that route would have involved actual contact with the Matabele, and created serious risk of collisions. When the expedition has arrived at its destination, it will be in the way of solving one of the most absorbing problems of our time—namely, whether the highlands of tropical Africa are places where Europeans can (or will) live and thrive. If Mashonaland is shown to be so, then it will be rightly inferred that in East Africa both branches of the Teutonic race have acquired between them a priceless inheritance.

It is this problem which Mr. Rhodes—with some pecuniary aid from such prosaic persons as the Dukes of Abercorn and Fife—is lavishing his fortune on solving. If the pioneers

find the place too remote for commercial purposes, and the ex-members of the Pelican find it too dull, compared with Soho, the new settlement will break up, and the members will find their way back in dribbles to the sea; and then Mr. Stanley may talk himself dumb at City dinners without arousing the slightest interest in his dreams amongst English hearers. There is another problem which also lies before the expedition, but it is of little interest except to the Company, the pioneers, and the bullion brokers—it is to find out whether these travellers' tales be true, which say that gold-dust may be scooped up in fist-fulls from the river-beds of the Mount-Hampden region.

What, then, are the prospects of this unique enterprise, and what are the dangers which beset it? In the first place, there is the danger that the Matabele from the north may overwhelm it *in transitu*. Lo Bengula, like Lord Salisbury, and other rulers of ancient and modern times, is far less of a fool than his followers. He himself probably wishes well to Mr. Rhodes, regarding him as a shield against the Portuguese and against Umzila's son. But there is a forward party of Conservative proclivities in Matabeleland, which always considers that the only safety of the nation lies in going to war with any one who happens to be in the neighbourhood. The backbone of this party consists of the "Majhaks"—life-long soldiers, kidnapped as infants from their Mashona homes, and trained (on an exclusive beef-diet) to be the most cruel oppressors of their own hapless race, just as the Irish who become emergency men prove the fiercest enemies of the national cause. To pacify this truculent body of "beef-eaters," Lo Bengula has already judicially murdered the most enlightened of his councillors; and it is not impossible that somewhere about the 31st of July we may hear that the traders, and missionaries around Buluwayo have all been killed, and that the Matabele regiments are marching to attack Mr. Rhodes's column in flank.

Another and a greater danger may arise from the Transvaal. To all Englishmen who have recently approached him, President Kruger has stated very explicitly that, unless he gets his way in Swaziland, and is allowed to approach the sea at Kosi-bay, he will, in one way or another, smash the favourite child of the British Government—the Chartered Company. This he can do, either by winking at the departure of a filibustering expedition from his own territory, or by inciting Lo Bengula, with whom he has boundless but latent influence, to make an attack from the north. In fact, it is not improbable that in the contingency contemplated, the expedition might be "pinched" between enemies from the north and the south; and although a remnant might fight its way back to the British lines on the Maccloutsi River, all the glory and profit of the scheme would be gone, probably for ever. No doubt the Government at home are fully alive to the supreme importance, even to themselves, of satisfying the real master of the situation; but to do so fully, they must go counter to the most sinister and most powerful elements amongst their own supporters. They are thwarted not only by the silly people who in Colonial politics want to get everything and give nothing, but also by the body of men, respectable in numbers and social influence, who deliberately desire to provoke a Boer war in order to wipe out, if may be, the bitter feeling of humiliation which was felt by the military party in this country at the peace which followed Majuba.

There is a third danger which threatens the success of the Chartered Company, or rather its prosperity and long life. That danger is embodied in Mr. Henry Labouchere. Mr. Rhodes, who is a Home Ruler, when forming his "London Board," committed the imprudence of placing upon it two men who were more certain than any other two human beings alive to draw the fire of the Radical party. One was the Duke of Fife, the latest Royal grantee, and the other the Duke of Abercorn, the largest recipient of public bounty under the Ashbourne Act. But not only is there the fact that the Board includes dukes, there is also information in Mr. Labouchere's possession that the one-pound shares of the Company, which is as yet without revenue or actual possession,

have been changing hands at prices varying from £4 to £19. Here roguery and stock-exchange jobbing of some sort are smelt by the member for Northampton. Not content with giving the Duke of Fife £3,000 a year with his bride, and the Duke of Abercorn £267,000 for his property, the Cabinet has somehow added a round sum of £4,000,000 sterling by the *hocus pocus* of granting a charter. Why wasn't the charter put up to competition? "Why wasn't I given any of the shares?" asks the sage with infantine simplicity of manner. Joking apart, there can be little doubt that unless Mr. Labouchere and his British following in the next Parliament are satisfied that all is square and above-board, as is no doubt possible, the next Cabinet will be continuously pressed to revoke the charter, and thus deprive the Company of the harvest, if any, resulting from its outlay. Luckily for the Company, Mr. Schnadhorst has returned from South Africa, saturated with a belief in the high purpose and honesty of the whole thing; and his influence, combined with the power of the Parnellites, who, in the person of Mr. Rochfort Maguire, have Mr. Rhodes's right-hand man among their number, may yet be of inestimable advantage to the two ill-starred dukes, whose presence on the board has gone so far to damn the whole scheme.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

IT is instructive sometimes to look at American institutions through American spectacles. We are afforded this entertainment by two articles in the June number of the *Century*. In one of them a "newsmonger" recites with conscious pride the remarkable sums which are spent in some departments of the leading journals in the United States. We read, for example, that it costs £1,200 a week to print the *New York World*. Any one who is familiar with that journal can easily believe this, for the *World* is a stupendous product, especially on Sunday, when it provides its readers with the greatest mass of that triviality and that garbage which they so dearly love. Nor is it difficult to understand that the revenue of the American Press amounts to twenty millions sterling a year. It is prodigious, like everything else in the Union. There is nothing to be compared with it in fact or poetry—except, perhaps, Milton's Satan stretching himself over an enormous area. But the real significance of Mr. Camp's article is not in his figures; it is in his casual remark that while "the editor edits the newspaper, the public edits the editor." And if the English reader wants to grasp the full meaning of that pithy statement, he should turn to the editorial columns of the *Century*, where the writer, who cannot, we presume, be convicted of a conspiracy with Queen Victoria and the Tower of London, such as Mr. Jefferson Brick might imagine, to smirch the fair fame of a glorious democracy, points a moral which does not enter into Mr. Camp's enthusiastic arithmetic. The *Century* moralist recalls the days of Horace Greeley, when writers for the press were "journalists" and not "newsmongers," when public opinion was honestly educated, and when "the soul of a newspaper was its editorial page." Nowadays, we are afraid, the soul of an American newspaper is too apt to remind us of Tennyson's retort on Bulwer, that it is bootless to inquire into certain merits "if half the little soul be dirt." But this is British prejudice, and the Britisher, as we all know, was, or ought to have been, "whipped at Bunker's Hill." What says the *Century* of the present state of American journalism? "There is no barrier of right or decency that the more conscienceless man of his type will not use degrading means to pass if the news to be gained promises a sensation capable of enhancing his reputation for audacity and enterprise." And again: "By a strange perversion of justice, when law-breakers sow tares the newsmonger reaps circulation and profits." But does not the "public" edit the editor? Certainly; and this is how the editor is edited: "He takes advantage of the weakness for sensation and scandal, common enough to human nature,

and abnormally developed among our own people by the licence adopted by prominent newspapers."

Here is something for the American Eagle to ponder. No alien hand has dealt this blow. The stricken bird may quote the bard:—

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

The standard may also be commended to the patriot who is reported to have remarked, on reading that "something was rotten in the State of Denmark," "There's no such State in the American Union." But what, may we ask, does the editing public in America care for the discussion of national affairs by the national Legislature? That is as good a test as any of the public enterprise of a newspaper. Do American readers care about the proceedings in Congress? Let the *Century* answer: "One often looks in vain nowadays in the most serious journals for an adequate abstract of what is said in Congress, or in deliberative meetings bearing on public questions." What is the explanation of this indifference? Why, in the first place, the educated classes in America care little or nothing about politics. Except in rare instances, like that of the *New York Evening Post*, they offer no stimulus even to a journal which endeavours to sustain the best interests of the community. It is no unusual thing to find a cultivated circle into which a newspaper never enters, and in which public affairs are never discussed. Young men of talent and good social position have no inducement to enter political life. In short, American civilisation has this remarkable characteristic—that many of the best citizens of the Union are in it, but not of it. In the second place, in the absence of a controlling public spirit, the "newsmonger" usurps the government of the country. He ministers to the love of scandal and sensation by brow-beating the nominal authorities. No public man can brave the interviewer with impunity. No judge on the bench dare commit for contempt of court the editor who tries and condemns or acquits the prisoner before the jury have found their superfluous verdict, or even listened to the unnecessary evidence. No social gathering is safe from the collector of "personals," who runs the risk of being discharged if he does not get at least the names of any distinguished guests. Privacy is of no account in the Great Republic. If your affairs are sufficiently interesting, they are at the mercy of the "newsmonger." If you give up the key of the cupboard, he rattles the bones of the family skeleton through a column of small type with diverting head-lines. If you refuse to disclose the secret, he invents it for himself; and then you wish you had given him notes for his anatomical lecture, instead of leading him to manufacture the figure for his museum of monstrosities.

Such are the principal functions of American journalism today. This is what it is to be "smart" and "cute," and "on time." Journalists in England who live under the chilling shadow of our law of libel, and who are proclaimed by eminent judges to be dull dogs at a dinner-table, may sometimes envy the gay irresponsibility of their American brethren. They may marvel at one journal in New York which is conducted by a man in Paris, and at another who borrows phrases from the vicarious aristocracy of a man in London. They may sigh for the breezy freedom which makes it possible for a prominent paper to publish a wholly imaginary dialogue founded on a hint caught by an eavesdropper. They may study, with speechless admiration, columns of description of the linen and shirt-studs of "high-toned" citizens. They may resent the old-world craving for accuracy and dignity, for order and harmony, for some attempt to uphold a standard of grace and refinement. This is like the discontent which comes to men in moments when they are tempted to throw off moral restraint. Then they may be disposed to echo the Western scribe who saw that "the mission of a journalist was to raise hell and sell newspapers." Then they may yearn to "hum round" and "wipe the floor" with their enemy. But in a saner mood they will be reluctantly forced to confess that the journalism of the democracy, whose chartered optimist is Mr. W. D. Howells, and whose buffoon is Mark Twain, is perilously like the succession of the ignoble savage to the primitive Red Man.

AN IMPARTIAL SUMMARY, AND A LESSON IN STYLE.

(FROM A SOUTHAMPTON STREET CONTRIBUTOR.)

All about Ourself. IT must be a good deal more than evident to all moderately competent persons—and those to whom it is not evident will show themselves incompetent—that a summary must always be impartial. For comment, as we say in our racy vernacular, is *libre*, while summaries *obligent*. We therefore give our readers this phenomenally dispassionate and coherent compendium of recent history—yes, phenomenally, for it is we only who write the pure English—we by ourselves—we.

A Profligate Miscreant. *Friday.*—If the conduct of the Government leaves to seek, the misconduct of the Opposition leaps to the eyes. Even the very small minority of those comparatively intelligent Radicals—a Radical is really intelligent, but indulgence shall always here be extended to the humblest—who cannot see that Mr. Gladstone's low cunning swears utterly with genuine talent, must be given furiously to think by the exhibition he permitted himself to make of himself when he got that *croc-en-jambe* from the Chair. The Gladstonians shall have our leave to expose themselves to our merciless and immortal ridicule—we are nothing if not pitilessly critical and remorselessly sardonic—by pretending that moving amendments to Bills actually under treatment is not obstruction, though obstruction of course so silly as greatly to help the Bill they ambition it to hinder.

Political Immorality. Mr. Gladstone—whose disingenuousness is so far proverbial that he sometimes almost succeeds in making his stupider followers believe that his object in life is not to obtain the approval of ourselves if only he could do it without losing votes—has not even the courage of his impudent pretension that what the more idiotic Gladstonians—if indeed there can be degrees of idiocy among them—call the Public House Endowment Bill is really the thin end of the Compensation wedge. Right Hon. A. J. Balfour—no knave he, fool no neither, *quare*, as Dr. Smith renders “wherefore,” not at all Democrat—O fie, A. J. B. Yah!—not more demolished the fragments of Mr. Gladstone's reputation than he pulverised the rump of the yelping renegades who still make some show of fight in the Lower House, where the yahoos from Ireland and the jackals of the Opposition must excite the pity of the noblemen—yes, call us snobs, we shall only say “*Connu*,” and give such a *larf*—who look down on them from a height infinitely less than their moral elevation.

Sarcasm. Cost you sixpence! No Gladstonian ever heard that story of Guizot and the tribune. Do you think we're going to tell it? No, the true truth, the secret arcanum of the inner adytum of journalism is that the reader should never be allowed to understand what the writer means. We once drove three lawyers, two artists, and a doctor—all good men—nearly mad by telling them that until they had mastered the truth and wit of this saying they would never taste the humour of Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, or Mr. George Saintsbury. It was quite true, and they showed how they felt it by muttering “Conceited idiot,” and otherwise giving themselves away.

Humour. *Monday.*—The Gladstonians are a *profanum vulgus*—we always write with a Latin grammar *sous nos mains*—with that and a Greek lexicon we can puzzle the *illiterati* of the Opposition. But even the vulgar profanity of which Virgil—we have heard the words attributed to Horace, but that was by a Radical—speaks was exceeded by Mr. Dillon in not squatting upon his ape-like hams—if anyone says that we called Mr. Dillon a pig, we should reply in our Aristophano-Rabelaisian vein that we had compared him to Bacon—when the Speaker rose to the majestic height of that English gentleman of which article we are such consummate judges. We once knew a man (who was

not a Gladstonian, and therefore had some taste of a sort) complain of *Mr. Punch* for making Irishmen resemble monkeys. He will never forget the look of triumph which we turned upon him as we uttered the Swiftian sarcasm, “You're another.”

Logic. It shall always be said here that the fools and traitors who want to disintegrate the Empire to put Mr. Gladstone in office are just the sort of men who would shut up public-houses because they have not, like us, a little piece of choice Burgundy *chez nous* (they won't know what that means, and we shan't tell them). But we will prove it to them by *Barbara celarent*, which they can't construe, but which is really as full of meaning as any part of this remarkable Chronicle. Marry, how? Why (as Sydney Smith would like to have said, only he was a Whig, and Whig humour was never equal to ours), as thus. Do you take? *Darii ferioque priors*. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. We have a wonderful memory, and once repeated the dates of the Conquest and the Battle of Waterloo backwards. We remember that Mr. Gladstone was once a Tory, and that when his University refused to return him he said he was unmuzzled. We remember remarking at the time to another whole-hearted, fiery-spirited Englishman that that meant that if ever the publicans wanted compensation, Mr. Gladstone would refuse it out of his black heart and insatiable vengeance. Q. E. D., as men of real learning say when they are alone together.

[We have a good deal more of this—could do it on our heads, as they say in Tyburnia—but perhaps our readers will have had enough for the present.]

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

VIII.—DOCKLAND.

IN this steady downpour of rain no street could look particularly cheerful, but here, at the corner of Burdett Road, the general air of dejection is particularly marked. The few loafers outside the Eastern Hotel are only loafing outside because they are prevented by obvious reasons from loafing inside; and they feel angry with all natural laws and weary with fighting them. A boy splashes by with a pair of tram-horses. If the horses could speak, they would say one to the other, “Isn't this sickening?” And, possibly, this is the opinion which they are expressing when one rubs his nose against the other. The boy, not being a mere brute, has the advantage of a varied vocabulary, and strains its resources, but in a spiritless way. The rain seems to have washed the spirit out of everybody; and a cat strays casually across the road without suffering rebuke or chastisement. The very sight of the tram-lines, long, straight, and uncompromising, with their suggestion of eternal routine, leads to a feeling of persistent and unmitigated dulness. How can that conductor smile when he repeats the eternal, “Fares, please?” How can he do it? How does he manage to refrain from showing irritation at the repeated “ting” of the bell? Possibly it has ceased to irritate him for the same reason that we are not maddened by the want of variety in the actions of breathing or walking. When I come to consider the practical side of the question—and everything in the neighbourhood of the docks is very practical—I do not know that I would have the tram-lines shorter, or more crooked, or more compromising. Everything seems to be going in straight lines just here: the smoke goes straight up, and the rain comes straight down, for there is not a breath of wind; there are straight lines of traffic going to and from the docks, straight lines of grey and grimy buildings. The young artist who is walking with me tells me that straight lines suggest vastness. I try to feel this, and I fail. I cannot feel vast: I can only feel dull. I prefer the picturesque labyrinth of the Jewish quarter, with its patches of bright colour and the traces of the proprietor's individuality in the smallest shop or barrow.

As one draws near the docks, the district seems to be more anxious to be consistent with their presence. Rows of yellow oilskins hang in front of the second-hand shops. At another shop

I could buy, if I wanted them, or if there were the least probability of my ever understanding them, such works as "Latitude and Declination Tables," or the "Guide Book to the Local Marine Board Examination." Men pass me in the street with swarthy complexions and wearing the crimson fez, and I wonder what they think of England, and if they are small-minded enough to judge of her by a corner of London on a day like this. On my left hand is a large, ugly, ponderous building which openly confesses that it is "The Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders;" and as I look at it I share some of the feelings of a great traveller with none of the trouble or expense. From one of its windows a man with a yellow skin and only one eye surveys the weather. He expectorates into space, to express his contempt for it and for all atmospheric phenomena, and withdraws sulkily. I pass marine stores, boarding-houses for sailors, the yards of shipwrights, and pause outside the dock gates where the statue of Robert Milligan stands. I know nothing about statues, but it is probably bad; for a correct sneer at it, or any other statue, consult the art journals *passim*.

On my right is the gaudy and gas-lit Jamaica Tavern, and behind it the plain building which, I see, is "The Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home." The world seems very large, when a big building is required in London for that section of sailors from Scandinavia whose principles are temperate, and who, from financial or other reasons, object to the accommodation of the ordinary hotel. Behind this again is a church, and I go down a side street to look at it. No; St. Peter's, Limehouse, is not beautiful. There is an air of cheapness about its yellow bricks and grim, free seats. But the interior seems peaceful and cool, and it is a pleasant change after the heat and traffic of the street. The worship of God is very near here to the worship of Mammon. There is no sign, it is true, of its own wealth in this district; but there is every sign that it chiefly exists for the wealth of others. The lines of ships, the bales of merchandise, the stream of traffic, are suggestive of solid, heavy wealth. But this district is only the corridor through which it passes; it does not stop here. I suppose we are all the servants of Mammon to some extent: Mammon, or some other master, seems to have treated that poor man rather badly who met me just as I left the church. He wore a green rag which had been a black frock coat. His face was mostly white, but with a splash of mud and a week's beard that darkened parts of it. He walked as if he were skating, to prevent the remains of a pair of boots from leaving him, and he walked very slowly. He seemed weak and narrow-chested. It is no wonder that he could not get taken on this morning. What are we to do with these poor wretches who have no muscles, no education, no mental capacity, nothing but a few strong criminal tendencies, and a sufficiency of cunning? We do not do very much, and they themselves can only utilise what they have got. Hence those black marks on certain spots in Mr. Booth's map of the neighbourhood. A part of this district is marked black. A pleasant contrast to the broken-down casual is that sailor across the road, cheerful, brown-skinned, and healthy-looking. He slips one hand underneath the coarse blue serge, and reassures himself about the purse in his belt. He wears a silver ring, and is sucking energetically at a new clay pipe. Mammon has treated him better; but then he has a fine physique, and is the more valuable animal of the two.

Another turn has taken me down to one of the dock bridges. The weather has cleared a little, and there is enough wind for that picturesque barge with the red-brown sails. The sight of the ships' masts awakes in me once more, and at a most moderate cost, the feelings of the great explorer. But I resolutely turn back again. I know my own weakness. I know that I could not describe even a portion of those docks without using the phrase "a forest of masts." That was a good expression once, but it is worn out; and they use it most to whom a large funeral is a "melancholy cortège." So I leave these vessels that have come back from New Zealand, and find a tram which goes no further than Aldgate.

THRUMS GOSSIPS.

V.—THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

"BUT what was the most wonderful thing you saw on your travels, Tammas?"

The question was often asked, especially by the farmer of Lookaboutyou, but if Chirsty was present Haggart signed to us to be wary, and when she was not he might reply—

"I dinna think onything would satisfy you, Lookaboutyou; you're like a chield I fell in wi' on my adventures, and I was gazing with awe at the German Ocean, but says he, 'It's a big water,' he says, 'but I've heard tell there's a bigger.'"

Nevertheless, I once heard Haggart speak freely of the most wonderful sight in the world. We were behind the humourist's pea-sticks, helping Snecky Hobart to bury a weight of circus bills left over after he had placarded the walls as much as seemed to him necessary, and the question was put by Henders Neish, who was on the other side of the paling howking for worms.

"You're ower ill to please, Henders: you're the man as thinks there's a bigger water than the German Ocean," replied Snecky, who was wont to reproduce the humorist like a phonograph machine out of order.

"It winna do, Sneck," Haggart said compassionately, "for you've no more said what I said than a penny's change for a fower-penny bit."

"Maybe no, but at ony rate I ken better than to think that wi so many wonderful things to wile among, you saw ony one partikler thing standing out like a first prize."

"Ay, that's your idea, but you're wrong, Snecky. In this town o' Thrums there's a hantle o' sights, no grand sights compared to what I've seen, but fell fine for fowk frae country parts, is there no?"

"There's the burying-ground, and the square, and the house you was born in, and—"

"Exactly, but if you look at Thrums frae the distance, say frae T'nowhead's sky-licht window, what's the noticeable thing you see?"

"It's the steeple," said Henders, flinging aside his spade.

"The steeple it is," said Haggart. "Ay, weel, when you're in the town itself you can hardly see the steeple for houses, but it towers abune a' thing frae a distance. That's just the wy wi' me and the sights I saw on my travels. When I was in the thick o' them I couldna pick out one as the wonderfulest, but, lads, looking back on them now I see them gathered thegither like the houses o' Thrums, and in the middle o' them I see one sicht standing up like a steeple."

"And that sicht was namely?" asked Snecky breathlessly.

"For mercy's sake," cried Henders, "wait till I'm ower the paling."

"You'd better come ower," Haggart said, looking around him anxiously, "for this is no for telling if Chirsty's near by."

"I see her in Bell Lownie's yaird looking at the rockery," said Henders, balancing himself on the paling before jumping down.

"Then we're safe."

"And what's this wonderfulest of all the wonderful things you saw?"

Haggart was now looking a little skeered.

"I'm doubting," said Snecky, "it's a gey fearsome thing, for you've a queer look on you, Tammas Haggart."

"It's the humour o' what I'm to tell you," Haggart answered in a low voice, "that gies me that mighty far-awa look. Snecky Hobart, have I or have I no said many a humorous thing to you?"

"You've said many a humorous thing to me, Tammas Haggart, also to many anither ane, as there's witnesses to testify."

"And some has been mair humorous than others?"

"I wouldna venture to say that."

"But have they or hinna they?"

"Ondoubtedly they have."

"Ay, weel, they're a' as common as divits compared to the thing I'm now about to say."

"The Lord behears!"

"Tammas," said Henders, "if that's true, say it to us bit by bit."

"I would if I could, but it's no possible. It maun come out wi' a rush. Will I say it now?"

"What do you think, Henders?" asked Snecky, ill at ease.

"Better to hear what it is," said Henders boldly, "than to lie in our beds wondering what it can be."

"Weel," said Haggart, "it's this— But just tak' another look first, Henders, and see whaur Chirsty is now."

"She's at the well," said Henders.

"Ay, then, here's the thing, lathies. The most wonderful thing I saw on my travels, taking all into consideration and lossing sight of naething, was—"

He paused.

"Out wi't," gasped Snecky.

"It was," said Haggart deliberately, "it was the women."

For a time we looked steadily at the pea-sticks.

"There's a mighty humour in that remark," Haggart said at last, "but I dinna see nane o' you laughing."

"I see the queerness o't," said Henders, "ay, nane but them wi' a rale gift could have thoct of sic a thing; but, man, it makes me a kind o' oncomfortable."

"It's a startler," Snecky said, a little puzzled, "but no doubt women is extraordinar humorous."

"Havers," said Haggart, "they're no humorous ava. I tell you I say humorous things to Chirsty, and they're completely thrown awa on her. Ay, humour stots off Chirsty Todd like a ball off a dyke."

"But I thoct you said —"

"I said it was mighty humorous in me to see that women's the wonderfulest thing there is, and yet there's millions o' her. Ay, lads, it's an extraordinar thoct to me as has travelled so far that I had left some wonderful things ahent me in Thrums, namely, women."

"Sal, Tammas, I'm taking you in now. Ay, ay, women's terrible wonderful. I tell you, I can hardly speak about women without lowering my voice. But you had seen some wonderful specimens o' them in the muckle towns?"

"I did that, Sneck. Oh, man! in London, I saw the famous beauties walking about in rows in their silks and velvets."

"Would you tell me this, Tammas? How did they impress you?"

"Weel, Henders, they impressed me mighty. Just see whaur Chirsty Todd is, and I'll tell you something."

"She's at the well wi' Lisbeth Baxter."

"Ay, then, here's the gospel truth. When I saw these bonny critturs, Henders Neish, it was just about all I could do to keep mysel frae putting my arm round their waists."

"Losh, Tammas!"

"Ay, but, lad, you hinna seen them. Oh, they're a wonderful sicht!"

"I dinna deny but what sometimes when I see Kitty Webster in her Sabbath bonnet I feel fell in that wy. Losh, but sic things is no for speaking about."

"Kitty Webster!" said Haggart contemptuously.

"Of course she's no a grand leddy, but—"

"Oh, she's a takkin' bit body; but, lads, the London anes! They were all kinds, and many a time when I passed them I said to mysel, 'You dawtie.' Ay, I said that; and especially to the anes that were as if the wind would blaw them across the street. It's an astonishing thing to say, but the anes that looked as if they would break as easily as a saucer was what I took to most. Ay, my billies, there's nothing quite so wonderful as women."

"But if—"

Just then we heard the click of the gate, and Chirsty appeared with a bowl in which she meant to gather peascods.

"Yes," said Haggart, in a loud voice, "it's a fine nicht for the time o' year, as you was saying, Snecky."

But when we had left the garden he added reflectively—

"A' thing considered, lads, I wouldna say that even the London women was quite sic wonderful characters as Chirsty Todd. Ay, she's an amazing woman, that."

J. M. BARRIE.

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS is the first impresario who at an operatic establishment specially described as Italian has thought of bringing out works in the French language. When Italian Opera was still a novelty in England, some of the vocalists used to sing their parts in Italian, some in English. But the public, according to Addison, got tired of understanding only half the entertainment; and it then became the custom to present it entirely in Italian. Future generations—the genial humorist then remarked—would say that the English, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, understood the Italian language so well that the performances at this most fashionable theatre used habitually to be given in that tongue; though, knowing the truth of the matter, he himself wondered that English men and women could trust themselves in a play-house where, for all they knew to the contrary, the people on the stage were constantly insulting them.

Mr. Augustus Harris seems now disposed to throw over Italian as the exclusive language of opera; and the time, it may be hoped, will come when he will find it possible to play Wagner in German, even as he has played Gounod in French. No composer loses more than Wagner—writer of his own opera-book—by his music being sung to other words than those to which the music was originally fitted. The recent performance in French of Donizetti's *La Favorite* (generally known to the frequenters of Italian Opera as *La Favorita*) was quite in accordance with the new principle which one would gladly see made general; for the most dramatic of Donizetti's serious operas (his comic operas are dramatic in their own way) was composed for that Grand Opera of Paris which owes nearly all its best works to foreigners—to Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi, but above all to Meyerbeer.

It is precisely, however, in connection with Wagner's operas that the impossibility of singing all lyrical works in their original tongue becomes strikingly apparent. Italian is the second, if not the first, language of all dramatic vocalists; and there are a certain number of singers—including, as a matter of course, all who have appeared at the Grand Opera of Paris—who can sing perfectly in French. Outside Germany, however, there are very few who can sing in German; and even in London it seems difficult, though it would certainly not be impossible, to find vocalists of the first rank capable of singing in English; for English is the habitual language of Miss Zélie de Lussan, and the native language of Miss Macintyre, and of Mr. Barton McGuckin; while Signor Foli, one of the most popular of operatic basses, and Mr. Plunkett Greene, one of the most promising, are Englishmen, or at least Irishmen. These five names—to which others of like weight might be added—are enough to show that if the ancient custom be once given up of presenting in Italian operas by the composers of various nations, then a work by an English composer might, now and then, be given by Mr. Harris in its original tongue.

In the case, however, of the one English opera announced this season, and announced for performance in French, it must be admitted that the composer was justified in allowing it to be given in French; seeing that by consenting to this apparently most out-of-the-way arrangement, he secures for the part of his hero such an incomparable vocalist as M. Jean de Reszke—to whom the English language is unhappily an unknown tongue.

Meanwhile, without speculating too much as to possibilities and impossibilities, it must be admitted that with his cosmo-

politan company—recruited from Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Poland, Russia, Roumania, America, England, and Australia—Mr. Harris has succeeded in giving such performances as never before had been heard or seen at the Royal Italian Opera, even in the days when Mr. Harris's father was stage-manager and Mr. Frederick Gye manager of that establishment. His presentation of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* is worthy of the Grand Opera of Paris; and he has given such a performance of the *Meistersinger* as could scarcely be equalled, and certainly could not be surpassed, at the Court Theatre of Munich. There is certainly no theatre in the world where, as at the Royal Italian Opera, perfect representations could be offered of works so dissimilar—so antagonistic one might almost say—in character as the two just mentioned.

CUSTOMS AND COPYRIGHT.

NEW YORK, June 7, 1890.

THE one political topic of the past six months has been what is known as "The McKinley Bill," a measure ostensibly intended to introduce certain reforms into the administration of the Custom-houses, but in reality to raise the duties on a great number of articles of importation, and to render all importation more difficult. The Bill is the direct outcome of the possession for the first time since 1874 by the Republican party of both branches of Congress and of the Presidency. They lost the House in 1874, under the influence of the scandals of General Grant's second term, and they have not regained it until now; and in 1884 they lost the Presidency. They are now in full control of all three. In the House their majority is but small, but under the new rules, concentered and pushed through by Speaker Reed, and under the undisguised leadership of the Speaker himself, they have very full control. In the Senate the admission of the new States of Montana, North and South Dakota, Colorado and Washington, has given them what seems to be a secure majority for at least four years. In President Harrison they have a man who disclaims all minute knowledge about tariff or currency, but is sentimentally committed to the policy of Protection, and ready to support any measure which the majority in Congress may decide on. This state of things, which may not recur again for a long while, affords an opportunity, of which they are largely availing themselves, of securing legislation in the direction of greater protection which will last for some time. It seems almost certain that they will lose the House again at the next election, and unless most signs fail, they will also lose the Presidency; but in the Senate they seem firmly entrenched till 1894, at all events. So that anything they do now towards strengthening the tariff cannot, barring some great popular storm which would sweep the Senators off their feet, be undone for about six years. Accordingly they have gone to work to strengthen the tariff in every direction, and by every species of device known to the timid protected manufacturer.

These devices not only raise the duties on some articles, but surround all importations with legal obstructions. The Bill marks a great departure from the primitive doctrines and customs of the Protectionist church. The original Protectionist gospel, as preached by Henry Clay, and indeed, as practised down to 1880, assumed that all American industries were "infant industries," and needed just enough protection to enable them to hold their own against foreign rivals. Under this régime, the advantage the foreigner had in cost of production furnished a ready measure of the amount of protection to which any particular industry was entitled, and in applying it, some attention was paid to the bearing of the duty on other domestic industries. Under the McKinley Bill, all pretence of applying any such standard has been laid aside. The duties have been increased in an indiscriminate way, and without regard to any general principle whatever; and, what is more serious, without regard to

the effect which the increased protection accorded to any one industry may have on others. The most striking illustration of this, and the one which has excited most attention, is the increase in the duty on imported tin plate. All tin plates used in the United States are imported. There are no tin plate factories in operation in this country. Tin plates, moreover, are the raw material for several industries of great importance to popular comfort. They furnish the roofing for poor men's houses; they furnish a large proportion of the domestic utensils of the poor; they support an immense "canning industry" which export to all parts of the world canned meats, fruits, fish, and vegetables. Why then is it purposed to raise the duties on tin plates? Simply because one man has applied for it, and promises if he gets it, to be able within a very short period to produce tin plates here. Hides furnish another illustration of the same kind. Hides have been free for ten years. Under this freedom, a greater leather industry has grown up, which now exports its products to all parts of the world. The cattle grazers of the west asked to have this duty restored, and to oblige them it was done, but the protests of the leather industry were so fierce that the clause was struck out of the Bill. The industries in New England which need cheap coal and iron are equally alarmed, and in fact the outcry is great everywhere except in Pennsylvania and those States of the south which are going rapidly into manufacturing through the development of their coal and iron fields. The importers are of course very indignant, and have been holding meetings and sending on deputations to Washington, but I do not believe they make much impression, owing to the feeling which has grown up about them in the high tariff circles, that they are a semi-criminal class, engaged in attacking American interests for foreign advantage. One of the features of the McKinley Bill which has excited most outcry is especially aimed at them, as it takes away the right which they have always hitherto enjoyed of submitting the decisions of the Customs officers touching the valuation of goods to a jury in the Federal Courts. The constitutionality of this provision is doubted with good reason, and it will be attacked in the Supreme Court, but the pertinacity with which the Protectionists cling to it shows the bitterness of their feelings towards the whole class engaged in the introduction of foreign goods into the United States.

In fact, the McKinley Bill is intended first of all to satisfy the demands of those manufacturers who made the largest contributions to the party funds in the last Presidential campaign, and next to help to realise what is now a dream of a large proportion of the high tariff men—the absolute exclusion of foreign goods from the United States, and the conversion of this Continent into an enclosed industrial area, in which prices would be kept down for the consumer by domestic competition solely.

I see you have been denouncing the majority in the House of Representatives who killed the International Copyright Bill in unmeasured terms. I am the last person to defend their action; but when you treat them as common thieves with whom honourable men cannot associate, you overlook, it seems to me, the peculiar social conditions in which most of these men—they come mainly from the West—get their notions of literary property. They are not sinning against the light as they would have to be to merit the reprobation with which you visit them. You must remember that the sense of literary property is a young plant in all countries, and one of comparatively slow growth. There is no country in the world in which property in ideas has always had the sacredness attaching to other property. The English Common Law does not recognise it at all; and in no country, until within the last eighty years, has literary piracy entailed the same kind of disgrace as other forms of theft. Fairly respectable men have printed books down to our own day without severe loss of character, and respectable legislators have winked at their doings, or been reluctant to meddle with them, and you must also remember that there are philosophers and statesmen in good and regular standing, in every civilised country to-day, who dispute the existence

of property in ideas, or forms of expression, and think that the law owes authors no protection whatever. In short it would not be difficult to show that respect for literary property has in every country grown *pari passu* with the public familiarity with the spectacle of large pecuniary returns received by authors from their books. It is this phenomenon mainly, if not this only, which has secured judicial notice of the author's claim to protection, and has hammered the idea of literary property into the popular mind.

Now this spectacle is one of which most inhabitants of the Western States have had no experience whatever. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there are no professional or successful authors west of the Alleghanies. When a Western man enters on a successful literary career, he settles in some of the eastern cities or goes to Europe. The nearest approach to a professional author with which Western men are familiar is a professor in a second or third rate college, or newspaper editor, or a minister, for all of whom, considered as property owners or property getters, he has a good deal of contempt. In fact he can hardly conceive of any man's taking up these callings who had any faculty for making money, and the faculty for making money he puts at the top of the list. I have heard of a case in which an unsuccessful man in a Western town was looked on by all his neighbours as the victim of close kindred with a successful author at the last. The incapacity of the literary man for the real business of life they felt was in the blood. Consequently it has been very difficult, if not impossible, thus far to get them to realise that authorship is a profession, and that there is really any amount of money in books worth consideration, when compared with the advantages readers derive from the cheapness of books. Literary property is, they think, one of the *minima* about which the law is said not to care, and ought not to care.

E. L. GODKIN.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

THE week has been disastrous for the Government in the House of Commons. They have been beaten in argument and almost beaten in division. The Opposition are rejoicing in the misfortunes of the Ministry, and their own supporters are cursing their blundering and mismanagement. On Friday a damaging debate was followed by a still more damaging division. Mr. Gladstone's speech was a conclusive proof that the compensation scheme was a Public House Endowment Bill, and Mr. Goschen, who could not meet that argument, had to fling some old quotations from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley on the principle of compensation at the heads of the Opposition. Baffled in debate, Mr. Smith attempted to finish the controversy by the application of the Closure; but the chairman refused to sanction this summary method of extinguishing the Opposition. It was not till nearly midnight that the division took place, then the Government could only number a majority of 32. It was not surprising that the Liberals went almost wild with enthusiasm over the best division they have had in this Parliament.

On Monday the blundering of the Government was still more signal. In the first place there was an angry altercation between the Irish members and the Chief Secretary on the subject of "shadowing." This detestable practice has now become a recognised feature of the Balfour system of administration, and its author seemed rather proud of it. He met the indignant questions of the Irish members with a sort of brutal frankness, and it was only when Mr. Dillon plunged out into violent, but excusable, indignation that the Chief Secretary's manner slightly changed. He was constantly speaking of the "crimes" of men who are the friends and constituents of the Irish members, and it was this that led Mr. Dillon to denounce so strongly the language of Mr. Balfour. The member for Mayo was undoubtedly guilty of breach of order. He should have resumed his seat when Mr. Peel rose, but he persisted for some

minutes in addressing the House. Amidst the tumult and noise hardly a word that he said could be heard, but his gestures and voice made it evident that he was flinging back the charges of the Chief Secretary. The Speaker showed a wise leniency in dealing with Mr. Dillon. He might have named him—indeed, for the same offence Mr. Dillon was once named by Mr. Brand—but the Speaker recognised that the hon. member acted under provocation and excitement. While the altercation was going such phrases as "Balfour's lies" were more than once thrown at the Chief Secretary. These irregularities were prudently overlooked by Mr. Peel. Mr. Balfour's language had driven the Nationalist party out of themselves for the moment; and it was better to allow the effervescence to subside than to resort to namings and suspensions.

Mr. Smith is incapable of the calculated cynicism of Mr. Balfour, but in his own way he did the Government quite as much harm as the Chief Secretary. He said in a matter of fact tone, as if the point was of no great importance, that next year the Government would assent to the appointment of a select committee on the subject of licensing and compensation. It was clear to every one, except Mr. Smith himself, that this announcement entirely changed the situation. The Government were asking the House now to settle the principle of compensation and to inquire into it afterwards. A position so utterly and childishly illogical afforded the Opposition an opportunity which it was not slow to turn to account. Mr. Caine at once moved that progress should be reported, and the Liberal party insisted that the only rational course was to drop the compensation proposal and await the result of the inquiry. The Government saw the dilemma in which they were placed. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Ritchie attempted in vain to give some appearance of consistency to their course. They endeavoured to argue that compensation was not to be found in the Bill; but Mr. Gladstone transfixed them with a quotation from Sir M. H. Beach in which the President of the Board of Trade expressly said that the Bill recognised the principle of compensation. I have never seen the members of a Government so embarrassed and helpless; and as usual they sought an escape from their difficulties in the Closure. The motion for reporting progress was only defeated by a majority of 39; and in a subsequent division this majority fell to 33. The night's proceedings put fresh heart into an Opposition already flushed with the hope of defeating the compensation scheme.

On Tuesday Mr. Smith made his promised statement on business to a large and interested House. Ministerial statements on the subject of business are often disappointing; but it has been reserved for Mr. Smith to make a series of announcements which at once amazed and amused the House. Never should Mr. Smith again claim to be a business man, for he put forward a programme of work which it would require not two but four months to accomplish. He is going to ask the House to make a great change in procedure, by which Bills may be suspended and resumed in the next session at the stage they had reached in the present. Under this new standing order the Land Bill is to be hung up; but the Leader of the House anticipates that it will pass the Tithes Bill, the Local Taxation Bill, the Indian Councils Bill, the Western Australian Bill, the Savings Banks Bill, and a number of other measures. The two Bills which are positively given up are the Employers' Liability Bill and the Savings Banks Bill. It was only the solemnity of the First Lord of the Treasury that prevented the House from bursting out into laughter. Mr. Gladstone at once intimated that he would object to any change of procedure without previous inquiry by a select committee; and the questions with which the Leader of the House was overwhelmed for nearly an hour must have opened his mind to the gross miscalculation which he had made.

Mr. Labouchere subsequently moved the adjournment of the House in order to discuss the management of public business, and the Government had to listen to two hours of vigorous, candid, and trenchant criticism on their conduct. Mr. Smith offered a very feeble defence, endeavouring in a vague way to

fasten the charge of obstruction on the Opposition. Mr. Healy, in course of an exceedingly clever speech, affixed to the Standing Order for carrying over Bills a nickname which will probably stick to it. He described it as a "Parliamentary contango."

The discussions on the Compensation Bill as they proceed are developing more heat and passion. Mr. Waddy's amendment for giving the County Councils power to use the money in the remission of school fees or rates led to an animated debate, in the course of which there was a very stirring and angry scene. Mr. Winterbotham first, and then Mr. Storey, alleged that two members of the Government were pecuniarily interested in breweries, and the member for Sunderland thought that their votes should be disallowed on this ground. It turned out that the individuals pointed at were Sir M. H. Beach and Mr. Walter Long. The President of the Board of Trade declared that he had no pecuniary interest in any brewery, and that his interest in the liquor trade was confined to the ownership of a small public-house. Mr. Walter Long explained to the House, amidst a good deal of laughter, that his interest was purely fraternal. When the closure was applied to Mr. Waddy's amendment, the Ministerial majority was 29, the lowest point it has yet reached.

On Wednesday the House was occupied with the report of the Directors' Liability Bill, a measure intended to define and strengthen the liability of directors of public companies, and it was not completed when the House adjourned.

Thursday was the most eventful night of an eventful week. At the commencement of public business there was a large muster of Liberals, and the attenuated state of the Ministerial following bore evidence of the charms of Ascot. The expectation of the Government was that the Liberals would be good enough to talk on the first Clause till their supporters came back. The Opposition naturally declined to assist the Ministers in their difficulties; and as soon as the House got into Committee a division was taken on the question that Clause I. stand part of the Bill. As members crowded into the lobbies it was evident that the division would be close; and Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen watched the rival forces leaving the House with deep anxiety. The excitement in the House became intense. The tellers for the "Noes" returned first, and a whisper ran round that the Government were beaten. The paper containing the numbers, however, was handed to Mr. Akers Douglas, and the supporters of the Government gave a loud cheer. When the numbers were announced, it appeared that the clause was only carried by a majority of four. The Opposition, gave a loud, prolonged, and jubilant cheer. Mr. Smith looked miserably dejected, and Mr. Goschen positively gruesome. Curiously enough one member of the Government was highly delighted. Mr. A. Balfour was radiant with smiles, and the contrast between his bearing and that of Mr. Goschen gave the House a glimpse of the struggles that have been going on in the Cabinet. A motion to report progress was made in order to afford the Government an opportunity of considering the position, but Mr. Smith declined to accept it, while willing to allow the Opposition all the advantage they could derive from a surprise division. Then Mr. Lane took up the clause allocating the Scotch share of the Local Taxation Bill. In the course of the discussion the great majority of the Scotch members expressed their extreme dislike of the compensation proposal. Subsequently the House took up the question of superannuation of police in Scotland, and during an exciting discussion Mr. Ritchie charged the Opposition with "deliberately wasting the time of the House." The remark led to a stormy scene, and when "progress" was "reported" the clause had not been advanced at all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A CRY FROM THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

SIR,—I wish, with the permission of the Editor of THE SPEAKER, to set out in a few plain words what I conceive—what, to a large extent I know—to be the feeling of the Liberal Unionist party with regard to the events of the last ten days. There are a great many unpleasant features in the present situation. It is not exhilarating to be numbered amongst the

supporters of a Government which is confessedly at its wits' ends, and which has committed the most colossal and the least excusable parliamentary mistake of the generation, and can now do nothing but stick grimly to its error to the bitter end. A Government which one day gives out that it will propose the appointment of a committee, on the next day fines down that declaration to a statement that it will look out while somebody else appoints the committee, and on the third day announces that it will have nothing to do with the committee, does not, to say the least, render it easy for its followers to preserve an elate and confident mien. But all that might be borne. To stand fast to a Ministry, in spite of a fatuous error, a wasted session, and a desperate muddle, is a task which more than once in days gone by good party men have had to perform with the best grace they could muster. But the central fact of the situation is not that Ministers are helplessly floundering in the slough, but that, when compelled to abandon part of their load in the hope that with a lighter burden they might struggle on to firm land, they have abandoned the Land Purchase Bill and not the Local Taxation Bill. It is impossible to exaggerate the chagrin and alarm with which the Liberal Unionists regard this decision. In the lobbies the Liberal Unionist members make no secret of their furious disappointment, though in the House itself they are as mute as mice; in the country the organisers are in despair, and the supporters are deserting in scores and in hundreds. "The game is up" is the cry on all sides. I dare say that many of your readers share the loudly-expressed opinion of some of our more bitter opponents that the desire of the Liberal Unionists for remedial legislation for Ireland is a mere electioneering pretence intended solely for parade upon the hustings. But I am speaking of the real Liberal Unionists, whose claim to be Liberals is at least as sincere as their claim to be Unionists, and for whom Unionism is not a convenient half-way house in the journey towards Toryism. We opposed Home Rule because in full faith we believed that the older policy of the Liberal party was still feasible, that there was no Irish wrong which the Imperial Parliament could not remedy, and that the desired goal of the peace and contentment of Ireland might be reached by us, Englishmen though we were, if we sought it with patient persistency along the paths of fraternity and equality upon which Mr. Gladstone had first set our feet. For England's sake we would maintain the Act of Union, but we were assured that Ireland would not suffer. I say deliberately that some of us—that all of us—would prefer Home Rule to the government of Ireland by a Parliament which prefers an English Bill, which, whether its object be pure or corrupt, its principle, sound or unsound, is a trivial and trumpery measure, to a Bill which essays the settlement of the Irish agrarian warfare. We have justified our support of the Government on the faith of its pledge, again and again repeated, that before this Parliament had run its course it would deal with the questions of Irish Land and Local Government. We have pointed with satisfaction to the evidences of its Liberal tendencies. In 1888 it laid broad and deep the foundations—though only the foundations—of a system of popular government in the English counties. We hailed that as the omen of the manner in which it would fulfil its Irish pledges. We suppressed our uneasiness as session after session passed without sign of the promised legislation. In 1889 we hoped to see the Land Bill, but we were content with the definite pledge of its appearance this year, knowing that this Parliament would last at any rate till the end of 1891, and hoping for the Land Bill this year and the Local Government Bill next year. The Land Bill duly appeared, and until Easter all went well. Then, just as we were beginning to nervously calculate that the Session would be none too long to secure the passage of the Bill, without a word of warning the Compensation clauses were plumped down upon the table of the House of Commons. The clauses themselves were bad enough. Every discerning politician knew that the country was in for a repetition of the agitation of 1888. Of this the Government was privately warned before the

temperance opposition had developed, and when a retreat with dignity was perfectly feasible. The clauses lost us many votes, especially in the West of England, where the Liberal Unionist strength is chiefly amongst the Wesleyan Methodists. But the worst that we feared, in addition to the temporary secession of the Unionists who were strong temperance advocates, was that the Local Taxation Bill would necessitate an Autumn Session. The rumour that the Government, in rejection of the advice of the Liberal Unionist leaders, and riding roughshod over the inclinations of its Conservative followers, would flatly decline to hold an Autumn Session, and would instead make a pretence of dealing with the Parliamentary deadlock, so flimsy that it is not, in fact, distinguishable from a supine acquiescence in the deadlock, came upon us like a thunderclap. The rumour was confirmed at the Carlton Club; and the next day the Liberal Unionist members, with a weakness for which some of them are destined to be called to account, decided to set the Tories an example of docile subservience to the Government. And what is now our position? On a matter of vital moment we have failed to turn from its purpose by a hand's breadth the Government, of our influence over which we have so often boasted. We have justified the taunts of our opponents that we had sold ourselves bodies and souls to the Tories. The Government to which we had so often told our hearers to trust for the remedy of the social and political wrongs of Ireland, has shown that it prefers a Bill for the sustentation of the income of the clergymen of the Church of England, or a Bill to diminish the number of licences by about one in five thousand, to a great measure for the relief of the Irish peasantry.

The Land Purchase Bill has been abandoned. Even if the new rule be carried, and the Bill be revived next Session, it has now made so little progress that for all practical purposes it will have to be begun *de novo*. All that will have been saved will be the second reading debate—a week at the outside. The risks and chances of next Session will not be less than those which have this Session procured the abandonment of the Bill. What reason is there to believe that the desire of the Government to carry the Bill will be stronger next year than this? Is it not more likely that the Government will have learnt, from the result of the meeting at Devonshire House, that the Liberal Unionists care as little as itself for Irish reform? The Liberal Unionist members who took part in that meeting were terribly to blame. If they had thrown in their lot with the Tories who, at the Carlton Club, had clamoured for an Autumn Session, the Government must have given way. Three out of every four of them went to the meeting with that intention, but they suffered themselves to be overborne by the vigorous insistence of Lord Hartington, whose overweening anxiety to please the Government has got him into a curious scrape over the projected appointment of a Licensing Committee, and of Mr. Chamberlain, who had arranged to spend the autumn in America. But whether the Land Bill be dead or merely suspended, there is an end to all prospect of a Local Government Bill. On Tuesday night Mr. Smith, without eliciting a single protest, broke a second pledge to the Liberal Unionists by declining to informally introduce the Local Government Bill before the Session ends. Never was an outlook more dismal. The Government has been baffled and humiliated; the Liberal Unionists have been discredited by a public exhibition of their political impotence. Unless means can be found to restore the stability of the Unionist Government, sorely shaken by the disasters of the Session, and to renew the heartiness and confidence of the Unionist alliance, which are for the moment destroyed, the end of both may not be far distant.

A LIBERAL UNIONIST EDITOR.

"WHY 'BLACKGUARDS'?"

SIR,—An American writer in your columns appears to defend the application of the term, "sordid blackguards," to the Dons of the New Buildings in Oxford. This is a question of language. Most of the new buildings are odious, hideous, and cells of little ease. Mr. Morris, who is an honorary Don himself, cannot hate them more than I do, who am also a Don, but honorary. Are we honorary blackguards? That does not settle the question of terminology, but raises a new discussion. There are many names which you may apply, if you like, to the Dons whose architects erected the new buildings. We may call them—

Stupid,	Indifferent,
Unobservant,	Modern,
Unlucky,	Metaphysical,
Ill-advised,	Philanthropic,
Architecturally Ignorant,	Advanced.

They are honourable men, but not blackguards. Even as an undergraduate, I ventured to remonstrate. I said that a mythical being, like a monstrous whiting with his tail in his mouth, was inadequate as the one repeated ornament of an academic building. This had no practical result. But it does not follow that Dons, whether honorary or industrious, are blackguards. When your house actually falls about your ears (as did happen at least in one college), you must build another. Then the Architect comes in. Call him, if you please—

Idiot,	Humbbug,
Imbecile,	Plagiarist,
Nincompoop,	Moke,

or what not; these terms, if inelegant, and even libellous, are not inappropriate. But lack of taste and sense does not make a man a blackguard. We have plenty of blackguards, and what are we to call *them*, if we lavish the term on students and architects, even if the students are inartistic and the architects—modern?—Faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

P.S.—Happy thought: Suppose Mr. Morris calls the Dons "Niddering."

"YET IN THE LONG YEARS LIKER MUST THEY GROW."

SIR,—May I offer a short reply to your article under this title last week, adding the wish that its serious and courteous tone were more common among writers on what is known as the Woman question.

The writer willingly admits—as all liberal-minded thinkers must—that the old boundaries set to the ambitions and powers of our sex cannot longer be maintained. In the paths of learning, of trades and professions, of voluntary social and political labour, and of recreation, women have passed far beyond the barriers which, fifty years ago, marked "their proper sphere."

To the mind of the writer of your article, and many others, the question now before us is, where shall these broken-down barriers be next erected—what is the farthest point to which they may safely be extended? He calls upon women themselves carefully to consider this question, and to readjust the limits of their own freedom.

Thus the child on the sea-shore erects a dam of sand, and says to the advancing waves, "So far, and no farther!" Then as their steady flow gently undermines his barrier, he builds another a few yards higher yet, and thinks that there surely it will reach its final limit. Advancing years find him less trustful of his power to stem the advancing tide—or more trustful of that tide, and the Will which orders its progress.

What woman asks, is not the permission to take one step farther in this or that direction, but freedom:

"To burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own,
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

Nor is it for man to define that distinctive womanhood. "The barriers which Nature bids them bow to," it is not needful for man to insist upon. It has never been thought necessary to enact by any written or unwritten code that the functions of maternity shall not be usurped by the other sex. Men may, moreover, freely compete with the seamstress, the cook, the housekeeper, the milliner, in their avocations; yet we do not find in consequence that the majority of mankind rush imprudently into these walks of life (once considered sacred to women), leaving us bereft of soldiers, sailors, navies, or country gentlemen! Neither do all women desire to be politicians; nor (let me modestly assure the fluttered scholars) will the majority of them attain the rank of Senior Wrangler.

Why, then, except as a lingering remnant of that subjection of women which we are slowly but surely outgrowing, should it be deemed necessary to be still defining limits to their freedom and progress? Why should we fear for them that slow-won liberty, which, through long ages, has educated, disciplined, and ennobled their brother-men?—Yours faithfully,

Birmingham, June 17th.

CATHERINE C. OSLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, June 20, 1890.

THAT it happens to every healthy man, in his season, to fall in love, to play golf, and to take photographs of his acquaintances is generally admitted. But a malady even more incident to youth, and one which may turn out to be an excellent substitute for "romantic love" when Tolstoi shall have eradicated that disease, is the craving to provide the world with a complete and final system of criticism, and settle all questions of art and style once and for ever. Introductory chapters to works of this sort are written daily, and sent in to be judged, "not by themselves merely, but as the first of a series of articles." But then comes the Editor, with the abhorred shears and that distrust of continuous thought which together form his political panoply. So the world is scattered with disjected members; and we shall go on without a system until some Editor be appointed of sufficient inexperience to construct one for himself. Even then he may be suspended midway.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is (up to the date of going to press) the last victim: and he wants the public to insist upon better plays, as a means towards obtaining better playwrights. This sounds a most promising beginning: for not only would the new system be started by a dinner (thus enlisting national sympathies), but it obviously clears the ground for the playwright. A handbook would, of course, have to be compiled, clearly explaining to the public what a good play should be, definitely laying down the bounds of dramatic art, the value of the "unities," &c., with reasoning cogent enough to empty the Gaiety Theatre, for instance. But this would be easy, and might be set about as soon as ever we have provided for our Balaklava heroes and settled the Compensation question.

As one of those people who are going to insist upon better plays, I want a point cleared up. Endowed with high functions, and sensible of responsibility, I desire to be reasoned with: and, unless convinced, am going to make myself objectionable when next I see any love-making on the stage.

Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam, multaque tolles
Ex oculis quæ mox narret facundia præsens. . . .

Horace goes on to quote examples. Medea must not slay her children, nor may Atreus cook his, in sight of the audience. But though so careful of murder, the ancient critic says nothing of love-making, and for a very simple reason. The possibility that it could be enacted under the public gaze had never so much as occurred to him. He would as soon have thought of asserting a Forty-days' Fast to lack dramatic opportunity. This kind of thing went without saying.

Is it false shame? Or am I wrong in asserting that nine players out of ten feel hot and *de trop*, and wish it was over, when the *jeune premier* in a modern play is leading up to a proposal of marriage? We tolerate a murder, because, though unfit for exhibition before a thousand eyes, it usually has dramatic possibilities that redeem it. Moreover, comparatively few persons in the average modern audience have committed murder, and so our ignorance allows us to accept stage conventions.

On the other hand, love-making is not only dramatically insipid, but we may safely believe that most of the spectators have tried it for themselves, and remember the circumstances too feelingly to accept stage conventions. For instance, the young actor proposes over the young actress's left shoulder, which is not only rare in real life, but (and here lies the mischief) is known to be ineffective. Also they "retire up" and whisper by the piano, while the chaperon talks to the audience without turning her head—which is preposterous.

I think the spectators ought to be tactful and leave the theatre when this is going on.

Serious love-making on the stage must have come in with the melodrama. The Greeks never dreamed of it. We have had it pointed out that Shakespeare's characters are, as a rule, not marrying men; and when he employs courtship (I speak only of courtship), it is always with a device, as in the casket-scene in the *Merchant of Venice*—or with a touch of burlesque, as in the wooing of Henry V., or Benedict, or Touchstone, or Orlando. The same holds of our later comedies, or the best of them.

The above is one of the points on which the Complete Handbook of Criticism will have to be explicit. Any one who cares to keep a collection of newspaper cuttings for six months will be astonished at the number of folk willing to write such a handbook, but restrained—*carent quia redactore sacro*—to the utterances of a few splendid and luminous hints about art and style. The unfortunate part of the business is that all the most valuable information comes from the worst writers. It is generally agreed, for instance, that Cardinal Newman, J. A. Froude, Thomas Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson are all, in their degrees, masters of expression; also that Miss Marie Corelli and "John Strange Winter" are not. Yet, in a recent symposium, Miss Corelli (whose books meet with instant success, much to her own astonishment and pleasure) was brilliant and suggestive for pages, and the authoress of "Boottles' Baby" (who was "a thorough bad lot at school; bright, I think, and quick, but with no perseverance whatever" . . .) was very helpful, especially on the subject of profanity. But of the four writers we wished to listen to, two—Cardinal Newman and Mr. Stevenson—stayed away from the feast; Mr. Froude said, "I have never thought about style at any time in my life;" and Mr. Hardy's impression is that if a writer "has anything to say which is of value, and words to say it with, the style will come of itself." Which sounds almost childish.

Ruskin says somewhere—but the truth must have been noted by hundreds before him—that the moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it. Possibly we may carry the thought a step further, and say that directly a man knows how he does his work he becomes an inferior workman.

In fact, it is high time some fine were inflicted for the use of the words "style," "technique," "art," &c. Does any sane man believe that, when Thackeray sat down to write "Vanity Fair," he had any "laws" to guide him beyond his sense of what made a quick and life-like story? Is not "Tom Jones" a haphazard, hand-to-mouth narrative, quite as free of art as it is full of genius? And by what canon of art can the close of the "Odyssey" be defended?

The moral is—Every man for himself, and Art take the hindmost. So with style. If A thrill over a sentence of Newman's, captured by its very felicity, why should he despise B, who likes to read that "the circumstances which transpired at the inquest, relative to this rash act, form reliable ground for the conjecture that," &c. &c.? And so with almost every one of the questions upon which we are listening to many opinions. Similarly, disputes as to the possibility of this or that achievement are always settled in the rudest fashion. Some big man gets up and does the thing. And when asked how he managed it, he can never tell. Our Literature and our Navy have always upset calculation in this way.

One of the pleasantest books I have read lately is a story called "Perfervid," just published by Ward and Downey. It is absurdly inartistic. In fact, I should advise the reader to take the second half (entitled "The Pilgrimage of Strong soul and Saunders Elshander") before the first (with which it has less than nothing

to do), simply because it is better. I have not the vaguest notion of what the author is driving at, or why he wrote the book; and I doubt if he could enlighten men. But it amused me considerably. Φ.

We understand that the arrangements for the new illustrated weekly paper *Black and White* are being completed, and it will appear late in the coming autumn. It will in shape and other material points differ considerably from the present illustrated periodicals.

REVIEWS.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. Translated, with an Introduction, by Mathilde Blind. Two vols. London: Cassell & Company. 1890.

MISS MATHILDE BLIND in the introduction to her animated and admirable translation of the now notorious "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," asks an exceedingly relevant question—namely, "Is it well or is it ill done to make the world our father confessor?" Miss Blind does not answer her own question, but passes on her way content with the observation that be it well or ill done it is supremely interesting. Translators have, indeed, no occasion to worry about such inquiries. It is hard enough for them to make their author speak another language than his own, without stopping to ask whether he ought to have spoken at all. Their business is to make their author known. As for the author himself, he of course has a responsibility; but as a rule he is only thinking of himself, and only anxious to excite interest in that subject. If he succeeds in doing this he is indifferent to everything else. And in this he is encouraged by the world.

Burns, in his exuberant generosity, was sure that it could afford small pleasure

"Even to a devil
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeal"—

but whatever may be the devil's taste, there is nothing the reading public like better than to hear the squeal of some self-torturing atom of humanity. And as the atoms have found this out a good deal of squealing may be confidently anticipated.

The eclipse of faith has not proved fatal by any means to the instinct of confession. There is a noticeable desire to make humanity or the reading public our residuary legatee, to endow it with our experiences, to enrich it with our egotisms, to strip ourselves bare in the market-place—if not for the edification, at all events for the amusement of man. All this is accomplished by autobiography. We then become interesting, probably for the first time, as, to employ Mlle. Bashkirtseff's language, "documents of human nature."

The metaphor carries us far. To falsify documents by erasure or even to garble them by omission is an offence of grave character, though of frequent occurrence. Is there then to be reticence in autobiography? Are the documents of human nature to be printed at length?

These are questions which each autobiographer must settle for himself. If what is published is interesting for any reason whatsoever, be it the work of pious sincerity or diseased self-consciousness, the world will read it, and either applaud the piety or ridicule the absurdity of the author. If it is not interesting it will not be read.

Therefore, to consider the ethics of autobiography is to condemn yourself to the academy. "Rousseau's Confessions" ought never to have been written. But written they were, and read they will ever be. But as a pastime, moralising has a rare charm. We cannot always be reading immoral masterpieces. A time comes when inaction is pleasant and when it is soothing to hear mild accents murmuring "Thou shalt not." For a moment, then, let the point remain under consideration.

The ethics of autobiography are in our judgment admirably summed up by George Eliot in a passage in "Theophrastus Such," a book which, we were once assured, well-nigh destroyed the reputation of its author, but which would certainly have established that of most living writers upon a surer foundation than they at present occupy. George Eliot says: "In all autobiography there is, nay, ought to be, an incompleteness which may have the effect of falsity. We are each of us bound to reticence by the piety we owe to those who have been nearest to us and have had a mingled influence over our lives—by the fellow-

feeling which should restrain us from turning our volunteered and picked confessions into an act of accusation against others who have no chance of vindicating themselves, and most of all by that reverence for the higher efforts of our common nature which commands us to bury its lowest faculties, its invincible remnants of the brute, its most agonising struggle with temptation, in unbroken silence."

All this is surely sound morality and good manners, but it is not the morality or the manners of Mlle. Marie Bashkirtseff, who was always ready to barter everything for something she called Fame. "If I don't win fame," says she over and over again, "I will kill myself."

Miss Blind is, no doubt, correct in her assertion that as a painter Mlle. Bashkirtseff's strong point was expression. Certainly she had a great gift that way with her pen. Amidst a mass of greedy utterances, esurient longings, commonplace ejaculations, and unlovely revelations, passages occur in this Journal which bid us hold. For all her boastings, her sincerity is not always obvious, but it speaks plainly through each one of the following words:—

"What is there in us, that in spite of plausible arguments, in spite of the consciousness that all leads to *nothing*, we should still grumble? I know that, like everyone else, I am going on towards death and nothingness. I weigh the circumstances of life, and, whatever they may be, they appear to me miserably vain, and for all that I cannot resign myself. Then it must be a force, it must be a *something*, not merely 'a passage,' a certain period of time which matters little whether it is spent in a palace or in a cellar; there is then something stronger, truer, than our foolish phrases about it all. It is life, in short, not merely a passage, an unprofitable misery—but life, all that we hold most dear, all that we call ours, in short.

"People say it is nothing, because we do not possess eternity. Ah! the fools. Life is ourselves, it is ours, it is all that we possess, how then is it possible to say that it is *nothing*? If this is *nothing*, show me *something*."

To deride life is indeed foolish. Prosperous people are apt to do so, whether their prosperity be of this world or anticipated in the next. The rich man bids the poor man lead an abstemious life in his youth, and scorn delights in order that he may have the wherewithal to spend a dull old age; but the poor man replies, "Your arrangements have left me nothing but my youth. I will enjoy that, and *you* shall support me in a dull old age." The religious man is also too apt to speak slightly of life, though his grounds for doing so are better founded.

To deride life, we repeat, is foolish; but to pity yourself for having to die is to carry egotism rather too far. This is what Mlle. Bashkirtseff does. "I am touched myself when I think of my end. No, it seems impossible! Nice, fifteen years, the three Graces, Rome, the follies of Naples, painting, ambition, unheard-of hopes—to end in a coffin, without having had anything, not even love." Impossible, indeed! There is not much use for that word in the human comedy.

Never surely before was there a lady so penetrated with her own personality as the writer of these Journals. Her arms and legs, hips and shoulders, hopes and fears, pictures and future glory, are all alike scanned, admired, stroked, and pondered over. She reduces everything to one vast common denominator—herself. She gives two francs to a starving family. "It was a sight to see the joy, the surprise of these poor creatures. I hid myself behind the trees. Heaven has never treated me so well. Heaven has never had any of these beneficent fancies." Heaven had, at all events, never heard the like of this before. Here is a human creature brought up in what is called the lap of luxury, wearing purple and fine linen, and fur cloaks worth 2,000 francs, eating and drinking to repletion and indulging herself in every fancy; she divides a handful of coppers amongst five starving persons, and then retires behind a tree and calls God to witness that no such kindness had ever been extended to her.

When Mlle. Elsnitz, her long-suffering companion—"young, only nineteen, unfortunate, in a strange house without a friend," at last, after suffering many things, leaves the service, it is recorded—"I could not speak for fear of crying, and I affected a careless look, but I hope she may have seen." Seen what? Why, that the carelessness was unreal. A quite sufficient reparation for months of insolence, in the opinion of Miss Marie.

It is said that Mlle. Bashkirtseff had a great faculty of enjoyment. If so, except in the case of books she hardly makes it felt. Reading she evidently intensely enjoyed, but though there is a good deal of rapture about Nature in her Journals, it is of an uneasy character.

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is amongst the lonely hills,"

do not pass into the souls of those whose ambition it is to be greeted with loud cheers by the whole wide world.

Whoever is deeply interested in himself always invents a God whom he can apostrophise on suitable occasions. The existence of this deity feeds his creator's vanity. When the world turns a deaf ear to his broken cries he besieges Heaven. The Almighty, so he flatters himself, cannot escape him. When there is no one else to have recourse to, when all other means fail, there still remains—God. When your father, and your mother, and your aunt, and your companion, and your maid, are all wearied to death by your exhaustless vanity, you have still another string to your bow. Sometimes, indeed, the strings may get entangled.

"Just now I spoke harshly to my aunt, but I could not help it. She came in just when I was weeping with my hands over my face, and was summoning God to attend to me a little."

A book like this makes one wonder what power, human or divine, can exorcise such a demon of vanity as that which possessed the soul of this most unhappy girl. Carlyle strove with great energy in "Sartor Resartus" to compose a spell which should cleave this devil in three. For a time it worked well and did some mischief, but now the magician's wand seems broken. Religion indeed can still show her conquests, and when we are considering a question like this seems a fresher thing than it does when we are reading "Lux Mundi." "Do you want?" wrote General Gordon in his Journal—"to be loved, respected, and trusted? Then ignore the likes and dislikes of man in regard to your actions, leave their love for God's, taking Him only. You will find that as you do so, men will like you, they may despise some things in you, but they will lean on you, and trust you, and He will give you the spirit of comforting them. But try to please men and ignore God and you will fail miserably and get nothing but disappointment."

All those who have not yet read these Journals, and prefer doing so in English, should get Miss Blind's volumes. There they will find this "human document" most vigorously translated into their native tongue. It perhaps sounds better in French. One remembers George Eliot's tale of the lady who tried to repeat in English the pathetic story of a French mendicant, "*J'ai vu le sang de mon père*," but failed to excite sympathy owing to the hopeless realism of Saxon speech. But though better in French, the Journal is interesting in English. Whether like the dreadful Dean you regard man as an odious race of vermin, or agree with an erecter spirit that he is a being of infinite capacity, you will find food for your philosophy and texts for your sermons in the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff."

GRECIAN HISTORY FOR PASS-MEN.

A HISTORY OF GREECE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE MACEDONIAN CONQUEST. By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, and Lecturer at New College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

THIS short history of Greece is designed, as the modest preface informs us, for upper forms in schools, and for University pass-men. It professes to be brought up to the level of recent discoveries, and if more fresh matter has not been added to the book, it is because work of this kind is not intended to be controversial. In the matter of spelling, or transliterating Greek names, the author is on the whole conservative, though he discards "mere Latinisms, such as *Jupiter* or *Agrigentum* for *Zeus* or *Acragas*." He further pleads for an indulgent criticism on the ground that his proofs were corrected in some twenty different places, out of reach of books of reference.

We have no desire to be unduly hard upon an author under such circumstances, and we may say at once that Mr. Oman's short history is brightly written, and easy to read, albeit a pen perhaps too facile has occasionally betrayed him into inelegancies or inaccuracies of expression, which it would not have required any books of reference to enable him to correct in proof. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*. In writing for schoolboys (and pass-men) one cannot be too careful of one's style, and especially of one's figures and metaphors. "A crushing victory" looks like "a derangement of epitaphs;" the use of the word *horrid* for the word *horrible* is hardly classical; the man who says "very mixed" would probably say "very pleased;" "to seriously threaten" is certainly more shocking than "to threaten seriously;" and the employment of the adjective *like* in place of the conjunction *as* ("like a war-galley ploughs," p. 485) will make, we trust, the hair of the grammatical schoolboy stand on end. The most athletic pass-

men at the Universities will find it difficult to understand the performance of the Phocians who "threw themselves at the mercy of Philip" (p. 505), but the more playful will be pleased to imagine that the magisterial elections at Athens were determined by an employment of dice (p. 155). We must not argue from a metaphor (on p. 68) that the writer supposes Sparta to have had "gates," for he correctly describes it (on p. 474) as an unwallied town. A glance at the map will show that the description of Massalia (Marseilles) as "a half-way house" between Phocæa (in Asia Minor) and Spain is lax geography (p. 89), but it is not more lax than the description of the dominions of Cyrus in 546 B.C. as lying "in a central position between Babylon and Lydia" (p. 130). It cannot have been in Mr. Tozer's geography that the author found "a volcanic cleft in the mountain side" at *Delos*, by which the inquirer stood (p. 45); but for *Delos* we should probably here read *Delphi*. There is, by the way, no table of *errata*; but a correction of the proofs in some twenty different places has still left too many misprints, such as "Lybians," "Phiotis," "Pausanius," and others, to say nothing of errant accents; all points where one would fain have the sensibilities of the upper forms tenderly considered.

But such matters are trifles. It is more serious that in a book, even if only a school book, professing to be "up to the level of recent discoveries," Chalcis should still be described as the *first* Athenian cleruchy, or the year 458 B.C. be set down as the recognised date of the transfer of the Treasury from *Delos* to Athens. Again, on p. 349, we read that the Island of Melos, down to the year 416 B.C., "had preserved an obscure independence in happy ignorance of assessments and tribute lists." Yet the name of Melos appears on the Assessment of 425 B.C. accountable for fifteen talents; and Thucydides, in his annals of the previous year, 426 B.C., records an attack made on the island by the Athenians for the purpose of compelling it to enter the alliance. There are, moreover, a good many inaccuracies, for the correction of which no new materials are required. On p. 135 Darius is credited with seven followers in the *coup d'état* which placed him on the throne: the number should be six. On p. 139 the same king is taken across the Hellespont into Thrace: he crossed the Bosphorus. On pp. 194, 237 the writer recognises only one bridge thrown by Xerxes over the Hellespont: there were two. On p. 345 the alliance between Athens and Argos in 420 B.C. is described as an "offensive and defensive alliance;" this is an overstatement; and on the next page the Athenian force which came to Argos in 418 B.C. and ultimately took part in the battle of Mantinea, is described as "under Alcibiades," an unfortunate blunder, for which there is no excuse in Thucydides. But, after that, we are not surprised to find it stated that Alcibiades was recalled from Sicily for the matter of the mutilation of the *Hermæ* (p. 358), or to see the points of the agreements between the Spartans and Tissaphernes in 412 B.C. inadequately and inaccurately given (p. 378).

It is in dealing with the institutions and constitutional history of Athens that Mr. Oman is least happy. A little note on p. 152 confesses that "Curtius has been followed rather than Grote" in the account of the legislation of Cleisthenes. But why follow either? It is to be expected that a historian, who is not a mere book-maker, should work such matters at first hand; and if modern authorities are to be "followed," it seems odd simply to pit Curtius against Grote, with the works and new editions of Hermann, Schömann, Gilbert, Fränkel, Busolt, and others procurable. Anyway, the result is unfortunate, for we are told that the Athenian Ecclesia could deal with any business, including legislation, and that "in another form and under another name, that of *Heliaea*, it had also full possession of the judicial functions of the State." This is not according to knowledge. It is a matter of course that the *Proedri* and *Nomophylakes* appear in this work among the institutions of the fifth century B.C.—though there is no good evidence for them at that date—but it is, all the same, surprising to find the *Triobolon* put down to Perikles (p. 270), and the payment of the Ecclesiasts ascribed to the same period, in a work which aims at avoiding controversial matter. It is, further, a mistake to represent the Athenian tribute as collected by tax-collecting galleys (p. 276). In the normal course of things the tribute was brought to Athens by the allies themselves; while the statement, that a careful revision of the assessment was made every five years, would convey to an ordinary English reader a wrong impression, and looks like a mistranslation of the phrase "*διὰ πέντετων έτων*."

But there is room for much that is good in a closely-printed volume of more than 500 pages, beside the lack of a liberal table of *corrigenda*; and it is only fair to Mr. Oman to add that he has re-told the stories which make up the conventional Greek history adapted to schoolboys and pass-men, with a liveliness and "go," which may somewhat redeem the drudgery of their

toil to those much-oppressed mortals. The general arrangement of the matter seems well proportioned and consequent; the continuity of the narrative is well maintained; particular episodes, such as the defence of Thermopylæ or the disaster at Syracuse, are clearly presented; and the sketch of Greek colonisation in chapter ix. could hardly be done better, given the miniature scale. But for our part we are not convinced that the system of instruction, to which such a book as the one before us is meant to minister, is sound and laudable, notwithstanding the host of such books which keeps marching through the doors of the publishers. Here is a school history with hardly a reference to the original authorities, with nothing approaching to a continuous suggestion of the sources from which the story is drawn, and their character. We mark here and there a note on a coinage, a dialect, but such references are all too rare. They manage these things better in modern history nowadays, and what is wanted in ancient history is some popular works somewhat on the lines of Green's "Short History of the English People," with the authorities prefixed to each chapter or section, and the story told more largely in the language of the original authorities. But such a work probably could not be produced at the extremely modest price at which Mr. Oman's volume is offered to the public.

KEATS COMPLETED.

POETRY AND PROSE. By John Keats. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. London: Reeves & Turner. 1890.

THIS volume forms a supplement to Mr. Forman's Library Edition of Keats's works. A good deal of fresh material has come to light since the publication of that admirable book: a note-book with the rough drafts of one or two poems, the well-known Keats's Commonplace Book of Woodhouse, and some interesting letters which George Keats's grandson, Mr. Speed, discovered in Louisville, Kentucky. The volume we are dealing with consists of this newly discovered matter, arranged and edited with reference to the Library Edition, and its *raison d'être* is to make that exhaustive work still more complete.

Keats has been fortunate in his editors. There is hardly another writer, since Dr. Johnson, who can boast of such a trio as Lord Houghton, Professor Colvin, and Mr. Buxton Forman. Of course, like all thorough and scholarly work, Mr. Forman's books have a good deal in them that numbs and perplexes the idly inclined reader. We have on every third or fourth page passages like this:—

"In Letter LI. the passage about the Kirk (at p. 171) should stand thus after the words 'Scotch Kirk.' in line 14: A Scotch girl stands in terrible aw[e] of the Elders: poor little Susannahs. They will scarcely laugh, and their Kirk is greatly to be damned. These Kirkmen have done Scotland good (Query?) Then should come 'They have made men &c.' as at page 171, down to 'neighbourhood' in line 21. Then between that and 'How sad' in line 24. . . ."

and so on, all printed in italics, to enhance the natural alarm that the references and numbers inspire. So, too, in the first division of the book, which deals with the various stages of composition in certain poems, we have:—

"Lucius to the shade
Of sleep sunk with her { when } his fancy strayed
 { dreaming }
Into a dream
Of sleep went
Of deep sleep in a moment was betrayed."

The greater part of the book is taken up with information of this kind—studies of the gradual composition of various poems, corrected readings, and the publication of passages hitherto cancelled. This kind of work is of course necessary, difficult, and honourable in a high degree; it also possesses a certain charm of its own, at least to those minds in which scholarship has bred a concomitant frivolity. Who can help being interested in conjectural readings such as these?—

Page 125. "Woodhouse being short-sighted, twisted his muscles into so queer a stage." Mr. Forman suggests *shape* or *style*, as being what Keats wrote. Perhaps it was really "stare."

Again: did Keats's pen betray him into saying twice that he "stayed at Mr. Snooks's," when we know that his host's name was really Snook? Or was it wanton ridicule of an innocent name? (p. 124).

Again, a palmary emendation (p. 128): "I was surprised to hear the amount of money of the booksellers' last sale. . . . He sold 4,000 copies of Lord Byron." Where we should read, "the amount of Murray the bookseller's last sale."

The additional poems given in this volume do not amount to much, and nearly all have been already published by Prof. Colvin from the Woodhouse MS. For instance, there is a cancelled stanza of the "Eve of St. Agnes":—

4.
"But there are ears may hear sweet melodies,
And there are eyes to brighten festivals,
And there are feet for nimble minstrelies,
And many a lip that for the red wine calls.
Follow, then follow, to the illumined halls;
Follow me, youth, and leave the eremite—
Give him a tear—then trophied banners
And many a brilliant tasseling of light
Shall droop from arched ways this high baronial night!"

It was evidently cancelled as soft and over-florid, and deserted its fate.

Then there is the curious fragment, ninety-six lines long, printed first by Professor Colvin in *Macmillan's Magazine*, about the proud and wilful princess with her ape, dwarf, and fool, and their adventures at the Court of the Fairies. It is amusing and trivial enough; but what is more interesting is the original form of "La Belle Dame sans Merci," as it first appeared in the middle of a letter. It is followed by a reference to the lines—

"And then I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four."

"Why four kisses—you will say—why four? Because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse. She would fain have said 'score' without hurting the rhyme. . . . I was obliged to choose an even number that both eyes might have fair play."

All the letters and fragments are interesting for the sake of Keats, many for their own sake also. There is a light touch and a friendly humour in nearly all: in one or two great depth and earnestness—for instance, the long letter on "Life as a Vale of Soul-making." We get a good deal of information, by the way, about several interesting people—Leigh Hunt, Haydon, and especially John Hamilton Reynolds, as well as long extracts from Hazlitt. Reynolds comes out always in an amiable light. The worst we hear of him is that he is "dull at home," and his comic "Peter Bell" gets not only a review, but a letter of praise from Keats. Leigh Hunt is handled in the way one expects. That rather amiable and gifted man seems to have possessed a wonderful power of irritating his friends:—

" . . . Hunt is certainly a pleasant fellow in the main when you are with him—but in reality he is vain, egotistical, and disgusting in matters of taste and in morals. He understands many a beautiful thing, but then—instead of giving other minds credit for the same degree of perception as he himself possesses—he begins an explanation in such a curious manner, that our taste and self-love is offended continually. Hunt does one harm by making fine things petty, and beautiful things hateful. Through him I am indifferent to Mozart, I care not for white busts."

Again:—

"Hunt keeps on in his old way; I am completely tired of it. He has lately published a pocket-book called the Literary Pocket-Book, full of the most sickening stuff you can imagine."

"His old way" apparently was a habit of saying that the good parts of "Endymion" were due to his advice and corrections.

Keats on the whole avoided the great men of genius who were his contemporaries. He was so anxious to preserve his independence of mind. He saw Wordsworth from time to time, and liked him; though he says once:—

"I am sorry that Wordsworth has left a bad impression wherever he visited in town by his egotism, vanity, and bigotry, yet he is a great poet if not a philosopher."

He is pleased at the parody of "Peter Bell," and thinks "it would be just as well to trounce Lord Byron in the same manner." There is a mysterious sentence in another letter: "Lord Byron cuts a figure, but is not figurative." Another of Keats's judgments about Byron is instructive:—

"We have seen three literary kings in our time—Scott, Byron, and then the Scotch novels."

The poet Scott and the author of "Waverley" were still two kings, and not one, to Keats. The following account of a walk with Coleridge is graphic:—

" . . . I met Mr. Green, our demonstrator, at Guy's in conversation with Coleridge. I joined them after inquiring by a look whether it would be agreeable. I walked with him at his Alderman-after-dinner pace for near two miles, I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things—let me see if I can give you a list—Nightingale's Poetry—on Poetical Sensation—Metaphysics—Different genera and species of dreams—Nightmare—a dream accompanied with a sense of touch—single and double touch—a dream related—First and second consciousness—the difference explained between Will and Volition—so many Metaphysicians from want of smoking—the second consciousness—Monsters—the Kraken—Mermaids—Southey believes in them—Southey's belief too much diluted—a ghost story—good morning. I heard his voice as he came towards me; I heard it as he

moved away; I had heard it all the interval, if it may be called so. He was civil enough to ask me to call on him at Highgate."

One seems to hear Coleridge talking as one reads.

The three reviews that form the second division of the book are not of any particular merit; they are worse written than Keats's letters, and leave an impression of straining after wit by means of contorted language.

Those who already possess the Library Edition of Keats ought without doubt to buy this book. It gives the last touch of completeness and thorough accuracy to Mr. Forman's great labours in this field. Of course, more letters, and conceivably more fragments of poetry by Keats may still be discovered; but as far as human patience and skill can ensure the attainment of such an end, we have now got every line of Keats's writings that is available at the present day, and for every line we should be grateful.

GOthic ARCHITECTURE.

GOthic ARCHITECTURE. By Charles H. Moore. One vol. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS book of Mr. Charles Moore's bids fair to be the most important pronouncement upon the origin and principles of Gothic Architecture which has yet been made. That it should have been left to an American to achieve this should be a trifle humiliating to the old country; but it is just within the bounds of possibility that an Englishman may yet have the last word. At all events, even if Mr. Moore's premisses cannot be gainsaid, some of his conclusions are open to criticism. For he is a special pleader in the cause of the French cathedrals, and as such is apt now and again to overstate his case. It remains for an Englishman to appear who shall with equal knowledge, judgment, and enthusiasm espouse the cause of our English architects, and then posterity, having the two sides fairly presented to it, must judge between them.

Of course Mr. Moore's main contention that Gothic art is originally and essentially French, that is to say, a product of the fusion between a Northern and a Southern race, is not a new one. The French themselves, needless to say, have always held it, and the efforts on the part of several English writers to refute it have been absurdly inadequate. The smallest study of the subject at first hand points irresistibly to the conclusion that the great building impetus of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries came originally from France. So far we are entirely with Mr. Moore; but when he goes on to say—first, that Gothic art only attained to perfection in France, *and nowhere else*; and then, that the English cathedrals show a misapprehension of the true principles of Gothic construction which should force them on to a lower artistic plane, we are inclined somewhat to join issue with him. To begin with, the argument he uses in support of the first contention is more or less an argument in a circle. Gothic art, he says, was nowhere brought to perfection out of France. Immediately visions of Cologne, Toledo, and Burgos rise before the mind's eye of the reader. How about them? "Oh," says Mr. Moore, in effect, "they are Gothic, it is true, but either purely imitative or due entirely to French design." Now this is, from any point of view, a very faulty argument. In the first place, the admission that they are Gothic knocks his original contention on the head altogether; and, in the second place, the statement that they were due to French initiative is altogether wanting in proof. Some architects—notably Mr. Street—have adopted this view, but Mr. Moore himself admits that it is a mere surmise; and, on the whole, it is true to say that proof is only conspicuous by its absence. It is, of course, probable that the best French models were studied by German and Spanish architects; but the fact remains that both in Germany and Spain the principles of Gothic construction were clearly understood and, to all intents and purposes, perfectly carried out. To compare them, as artistic results, with the cathedrals of France is not to the point; the one is a matter of fact, the other a matter of taste.

As to the English cathedrals Mr. Moore has much that is very interesting and very true to say. It is impossible, after following his clear and closely reasoned argument, not to agree with his conclusion that the principles of Gothic construction were never completely carried out in England. Before going any further, it may be as well to quote his own definition of Gothic art. "Gothic Architecture," he says, "may shortly be defined as a system of construction in which vaulting on an independent system of ribs is sustained by piers and buttresses

whose equilibrium is maintained by the opposing action of thrust and counter-thrust." Now, applying this definition to the works of the early English architects, it is clear that they do not fulfil all its conditions. The impression of a complete and logical whole is nowhere produced in English cathedral architecture. The choirs of Canterbury and Lincoln, and the chapter-house at Salisbury, are indeed irreproachably Gothic; but no one cathedral can show the structural perfection of Amiens or Rheims. So far, we are wholly in accord with Mr. Moore. It is only when he begins to account for and comment upon this undeniable fact that we are disposed to disagree with him. Mr. Moore, it is needless to say, argues throughout from a technical and professional point of view. That the English cathedrals present some structural anomalies, therefore they are artistically inferior to the French cathedrals, is the argument—and a very interesting one—of a professional architect. That the English architects never carried out the Gothic theory perfectly because they were incapable of so doing, is the argument of an inferior logician. It is, of course, a perfectly possible explanation, but it is not an irresistible one. It is quite conceivable, and on the whole quite as probable, that the English architects deliberately adopted a modified Gothic form, partly, possibly, from climatic reasons and partly from an artistic instinct which prompted them to express the peculiar qualities of the English race in its architecture. It is a significant fact in this connection that the most perfect examples of Gothic construction in England are the earliest in date, when French influence was paramount. A hundred years later, when the fusion between the conquering and conquered races had largely taken place, the Early English style appears and retains its essential characteristics through minor changes till the fifteenth century. The wilful disregard of form which English architecture displays is of course observable in all departments of English art and is particularly noticeable in any comparison with France. It is in keeping with the English character, and as such may be regarded as prompted by a desire for a higher artistic truth. Let any intelligent observer stand in Salisbury Close on a typical English day, looking towards the Cathedral, and he will inevitably be struck by something essentially English in its character. The greater solidity, the wilful defiance of rule, the suggestion of something sombre and austere, may well have resulted from as subtle an artistic instinct as that which guided the creator of Amiens or Rheims. For the best art is always that which most fully shadows forth the eternal fitness of things.

But it is high time to exchange the critical tone for one of pure eulogy. Mr. Moore's book is one of great and unusual merit. The illustrations and diagrams are excellent; the style lucid and cogent, and evidence of industry and ability everywhere apparent. We can honestly congratulate him on his achievement, and for our own part we are genuinely grateful to him for several hours of stimulating and profitable reading.

LE MARQUIS DE VÉRAC.

LE MARQUIS DE VÉRAC ET SES AMIS (1768-1858). Par le Comte de Rougé. Paris: Plon. 1890.

THESE memoirs must take their place in the long category of the might-have-beens. The son of a grand and lavish ambassador of the old school, whose every embassy cost him an estate, a superior Court official of the Restoration himself, and a charming reciter of personal anecdotes, the Marquis de Vêrac's ninety years should have borne us better fruit than this poor book. He had indeed taken notes on men and events during the long career of his ups and downs as a dutiful second-rate courtier, and held a collection of letters from Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette; but consistently acting out his part of the faithful servant in the allegorical old print, who wears a padlock on his jaw, he destroyed all the notes he could find towards the end of his life; and the letters were by his orders very properly, but regrettably, surrendered to the Comte de Chambord after De Vêrac's death, in exchange for a bald letter of mere Bourbon thanks.

So much the worse, at all events, for his grandson M. de Rougé, whose modest powers in this book, published at the familiar "instance of friends," do not by any means reach the level of the two other members of his family who have made themselves permanent names in Egyptology.

When M. de Vêrac was twenty-one, he made the conquest of Queen Marie-Antoinette's good-will in an eventful year, 1789; and in the year after became, as private secretary to the Baron de Breteuil, a confidant of the secret flight (to Montmédy and De

Bouillé's faithful troops, says M. de Rougé; to Metz, said Carlyle) which ended in the blundering flutter of the royal pair to Varennes in June, 1791. When the game was up, M. de Vêrac was, in 1792, attached to the Austrian army staff; and in 1795 was concerned in the tampering with Pichegru, which, through clumsiness in the royal negotiators, came to nought at that time; but that there was fire under that smoke, Pichegru's strangulation in prison nine years later fully proved. On the 17th of August, 1815, Louis XVIII. put our marquis in his first batch of new peers, and his close private friendship with the Duc de Richelieu then formed almost his sole political importance. Wellington liked Richelieu, and said of him that "his word was as good as a treaty." He was that plain-spoken grand seigneur who (*apud* Guizot) distinctly charged the Comte d'Artois with breaking his word as a gentleman, pledged to him "with face deluged in tears" (as De Vêrac averred) in 1820, by desire of Louis XVIII., who had himself also "melted into tears" five years before, to soften the same rugged heart into taking the Prime Ministry.

In 1819 M. de Vêrac succeeded the Prince de Poix as governor of Versailles and Trianon, and was thus thenceforward a grand (though never a great) officer of the crown. Another ten years brought another "event" in the life of this dutiful old courtier—his Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, in 1829, when he was over sixty. But ere many more months were past, his nose was put permanently out of joint by the success of the Orleanist intrigues before and during the "*trois glorieuses*" of 1830; and M. de Vêrac died twenty-eight years later, without once having re-entered the doors of the Tuileries. This is very nearly the whole story of his life.

There are several errors and inexplicabilities in this volume, and many dates wanting; but they are not worth correcting or explaining or supplying. There is no index, but the book scarcely deserves one; and Dubufe's excellent portrait is undated. There are also a few old, and also a few good anecdotes; not quite good enough to extract. It is odd, though, to find an Austrian general, just a century since, describing an English military attaché as an *écrevisse*—the "lobster" of our own slang; and the now well-hackneyed phrase about property having its duties as well as its rights, which was written by Thomas Drummond (when Irish Secretary in and after 1835) to the Tipperary magistrates, was used in 1820 by the Marquis de Vêrac in opening the Versailles election. "But, gentlemen," said he, "rights are inseparable from duties, and woe to us if we are ever tempted to separate them."

Chiefly to be enjoyed in this book—poor enjoyment though they be—are the continual glimpses all so naively given of the utter ineptness of the Lilliput Bourbon Courts. Here we have the Prince de Polignac and the incredibly wooden *ordonnances* against the press and the Chamber which made a revolution in four-and-twenty hours. Incorrigible brats of children—though M. de Rougé does not say so—are still scolded in Normandy as "*petits Pouignacs!*" Then, on the second of the Three Days, Charles X. absolutely accuses his own chosen Minister, the Duc de Mortemart, of "adopting unawares the prejudices and false notions of the Revolution" (of 1789 he meant). The one word "prejudices"—for which Saint-Armand vouches in his "*La Duchesse de Berry*"—is in itself, and from that mouth, monumental. Hot-foot upon this we have the "too late" despatch into Paris of De Mortemart (and De Vêrac behind him) "through a wine-smuggling hole in the wall," with the repeal of the two-day-old *ordonnances* in his pocket. The ridiculous monarch's lapwing flight to Trianon and Rambouillet, with but £8 in his household, all told; and the wholly superfluous disbanding and travestying and fleeing of the royal pages in those hot July days, with their "damask stage dresses," and the cutting-off of their "Pages du Roi" buttons, and their tipping by M. de Vêrac, is all of it pure *opéra comique*; and may be confidently recommended to any librettist in search of a *motif*; and if he liked he could add on the grotesque incident of the gobbling of the despatch-holding bit of Gruyère cheese.

We are even given earlier a pious picture of the decrepit Louis XVIII. wheeled to table in his "mechanical chair," to eat his "one new-laid egg to his breakfast," as ordered by the faculty; but nevertheless stuffing the shell himself with morsels from every dish round him, and "dethroning etiquette by his royal *bonhomie*." When this *bonhomme* died, M. de Vêrac, rushing to his chamber, found his body lying abandoned, without one single soul of any rank or sort in or round the royal apartments to watch it, except one upholder's man in his shirt-sleeves, who had chucked his coat on to the king's death-bed, and was nailing away at the black hangings. Here be levellings. As the old proverb put it, "Stone dead hath no fellow."

TWO VIEWS OF THE CANADIAN QUESTION.

THE POLITICAL RELATIONS OF CANADA TO GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES. An Address delivered to the Nineteenth Century Club, New York, by Goldwin Smith.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST, WITH COMMENTS ON CANADA. By Charles Dudley Warner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

ALONG with Mr. Goldwin Smith's New York lecture "On the Political Relations of Canada to Great Britain and the United States," there comes to us very opportunely Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Studies in the South, with Comments on Canada." As might be expected from the eminence of both authors, the subject of the future of the Dominion is in these two publications treated in a thoughtful and instructive way, which deserves more than a passing notice.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is, as he always is, forcible and striking. He knows exactly what he thinks: he says it with clearness and point. But he does not convince us, even when we do not see the right answer to be given to so powerful a reasoner. We feel as if he were presenting not the whole case, but only so much of it as was suited to his own concise, broad, epigrammatic method of treatment. He does not knowingly suppress any facts or arguments that tell against his own view. But he unconsciously disparages them by the half-scornful turn of his sentences. Such a power of style as he possesses is almost incompatible with a dispassionate and minutely careful examination of circumstances and considerations *pro* and *con*. He purports to write as a Canadian; yet there is little or nothing of the genuine colonial spirit in him. He is really an exiled Englishman, with that intensity of suppressed affection, showing itself in critical severity or even in bitterness, which is the note of the exile—which has been detected in Thucydides and which dominates Dante. He is anything but a typical representative of colonial feeling, and we cannot feel sure that he justly discerns or describes the sentiments of those among whom he lives. Nevertheless, his thesis, that Canada is rapidly tending to break her tie with this country and to join the United States, is supported by reasons whose strength must, however reluctantly, be admitted. Nature, he repeats once and again, justly feeling this to be the strongest point in his case, has meant Canada to depend upon the region that lies south of her. From the Atlantic to the Pacific it is, except along the Great Lakes, a purely artificial line that severs the territory of the Union Jack from that of the Stars and Stripes. Manitoba is divided by a wide wilderness of rocks and forests from the populated regions of Ontario far to the eastward, but is in full commercial and social intercourse with Minnesota and Dakota. So British Columbia is in far closer relations with the State of Washington than with the British possessions to the east of the Rocky Mountains. Socially as well as industrially and financially, Canada as a whole is much more affected by the United States than by Great Britain. A commercial union with the United States would undoubtedly benefit her, the value of real property would rise, troublesome questions like those of the Fisheries would vanish. There is nothing either in the character and habits of the two peoples or in their political institutions, to make political union difficult. All material considerations recommend it, and against these there is nothing but sentiment to set—the old attachment to Britain, the old jealousy of the Yankees. Mr. Goldwin Smith, although a patriotic Englishman, disapproves this sentiment, apparently because some of its manifestations are silly. What is still more strange, he seems to deny that England has any interest in retaining her colonies. He cites with approval Disraeli's dictum, of which we do not hear much from the English worshippers of that now beatified politician, that "the Colonies, and Canada in particular, are millstones round the neck of England."

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, though an American and not wholly free from that jealousy of England which lurks even in such accomplished Americans as Mr. Lowell and Colonel T. W. Higginson, presents to us what Englishmen will think a more cheering and auspicious view of the position. His account of Canada is the most favourable we have ever come across from an equally able and unprejudiced pen. He sees the merits of the Canadian Cabinet system of government as distinguished from the American. He thinks the Canadian Civil Service far better ordered than the American, and the government of Canadian cities far more efficient and honest, which indeed it may easily be. He notices the somewhat better tone of the Canadian press, perhaps not quite equal to that of the United States in

talent; he admires the vigour of the Canadian men and the charm of the Canadian women; observing with truth that Canada has produced a new type of womanhood, almost equally distinct from the English and the American. He dwells upon the fact that Canada, or at least Ontario, advances comparatively slowly, because so large a part of her enterprising youth go off to push their fortunes in the wider field of the United States. He sees that Canadians might gain much materially by union. But he appreciates the independent spirit which makes them keep apart, and he is greatly struck by the change which has been wrought by the construction of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. It has drawn the scattered provinces together and given them a sense of unity which was wanting before. It has also, in his view, given Britain an interest in keeping Canada which she had not before, for it has provided an alternative route to China, India, and the Australasian colonies. He therefore thinks that, for the present at least, the tendency is not towards absorption in the United States.

"In Canada to-day there is a growing feeling for independence; very little, taking the whole mass, for annexation. Put separately to a popular vote, it would make little show in the returns. Among the minor causes of reluctance to a union are distrust of the Government of the United States, coupled with the undoubted belief that Canada has the better government; dislike of our quadrennial elections; dislike of our sensational and irresponsible journalism, tending so often to recklessness; and dislike also, very likely, of the very assertive spirit which has made us so rapidly subdue our continental possessions."

To this passage he adds another, which we have not space to quote, in which the belief is expressed that the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the new channel of commerce it has opened, is likely "to keep Canada for a long time on her present line of development in a British connection."

The perusal both of Mr. Goldwin Smith's powerful argument and Mr. C. D. Warner's more quietly impartial observations strengthens the impression that the ultimate destiny of Canada is to form a part of the great Republic of the West. But we are by no means clear that this consummation is near at hand, or that it is one to be desired. Apart altogether from the interests of England, the interests of Canada point rather to the continuance of her growth and expansion on the present lines. If there were any risk of war between her or England and the United States, the case would be different. Mr. Goldwin Smith treats this risk as a practical factor in the situation, a view which we cannot think well founded. If England sought to keep Canada in leading-strings, it would be wholesome for her to escape them. But now she has all the opportunities for patriotism and self-guided development that she needs, *plus* the elevating consciousness of belonging to the great British community all over the world. If the United States absorbed her, she would soon lose that distinctive quality which travellers like Mr. Warner find so attractive, and be for all purposes Americanised. Independence would be better. Nevertheless, independence is the least probable sequel of the conditions which now exist. It would be only a prelude to absorption.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

1. THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS. By E. Rentoul Esler. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.
2. AT THE MERCY OF TIBERIUS. By Augusta Evans Wilson. Belfast: Charles W. Olley.
3. THE ANGEL AND THE IDIOT. London: David Stott. 1890.
4. NOTES FROM THE "NEWS." By James Payn. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
5. QUAIN T LONDON. By "Old Mortality." London: Truelove & Shirley.

"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS" is a very fair specimen of the average novel. There is little in it which is particularly good or particularly bad. The story deals with some of the curiosities of caste. The grocer's servant is in love with his assistant. But the assistant is not in love with her, because he aspires to the hand of the grocer's daughter, who has been much educated. She, however, becomes engaged to Bertie Lyall, who is of much higher rank than her own. And his honour and sense of his position force him to break the engagement, and marry another. Unfortunately, he married two others; and, in addition to bigamy, became dishonest to the most foolish degree. Finally, a fatal accident happens to him at the very moment that he is contemplating suicide. The way of transgressors is hard, but often

hardest on those who have not transgressed. Many of the characters are well drawn; some of the book is really clever; nearly all of it has a certain interest. The style, however, is often careless and slipshod, and it was a great mistake to carry the story any further than the point where it ended in the serial form. These "few final details," which are added, we are told, in concession to many inquiries, are inartistic and will remind anyone who has sympathised with the charming heroine that after all she is only an imaginary character. The best thing in the book is the character of Lady Mildred.

"At the Mercy of Tiberius" is a most gorgeous and romantic story. It does not deal with the Roman Empire, but with a modern character who is supposed to resemble the Emperor. One young lady in the book is rich enough to build a suite of rooms after her own heart. "A single storey in height, it contained only four rooms, and, on a reduced scale, resembled the typical house of Pansa." To make it more like the typical house of Pansa, the atrium was octagonal, and the whole place contained, amongst other things, plush curtains, a copy in white marble of Palmer's "Faith," and a family Bible. But then Leo, we are told, "allowed herself a wide-eyed eclecticism." Either the author or the printer of the book are responsible for such curiosities as "larès" and "ambar-valia." Or, perhaps, this is "wide-eyed eclecticism" again. The book is not without originality, but it is too wild, and in many places too pompous. There is a heroine who is unjustly suspected of murder, which is not an original motive; but when we find that in committing murder one should avoid being photographed by a flash of lightning on a plate-glass door, we do feel that we have learned something, that we have been warned of a new danger. It is impossible to take such a story quite seriously. The style is maddening.

"The Angel and the Idiot" confesses on its cover that it is a story of the next century. It is very difficult to depict life as it is, and much easier to describe it as it possibly may but probably will not be. This fact may account for "The Angel and the Idiot" and similar romances which have wearied us lately. There is nothing very remarkable in the author's forecast. We are to do without marriage, but Count Tolstoi would hardly approve of the substitute. Changes in constitution and habit of thought are generally slow, and we think the author should have allowed himself more than a century. He had all future time before him, and could have taken as much as he wanted. The story is not devoid of merit altogether, but it is not as striking as its title, nor as remarkable as it might have been if it had been the first of its kind.

Those who have leisure moments—everybody has, and nearly everybody denies it—should be grateful to Mr. James Payn for collecting some "Notes from the 'News.'" It is just the book to be taken up when one has two or three minutes to fill. It is full of good stories and interesting facts. As might have been expected, Mr. James Payn indulges constantly in a laugh at his own expense. There are allusions to his handwriting, his detestation of physical exercise, an incident connected with a sermon, and a variety of other weak or strong points in his character and history. The whole book is tinged with the author's individuality, and written in a pleasant, chatty style which will be certain to find sympathetic readers. By the way, Dean Ramsay's story is quoted of the Scotch minister who prayed for wind but "no' a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind." Mr. Max O'Rell has told the same story, but with a conclusion. We are tempted to quote some of the stories in this book; but selection is difficult, space is limited, and the price of the original is really very moderate.

"Quaint London" is an ambitious title for a booklet of something under fifty pages. The illustrations are taken for the most part from photographs, and the accompanying letterpress gives us a few meagre facts about each. The preface suggests that to visitors the book will "form a souvenir of their visit to London," in other words it will lie on the table until it is dusty, or something is spilled on it, and then its pictures will be cut out for a scrap-book. It is the author's own book, and he is free, of course, to condemn it to such a fate if he likes. But we object to souvenir books. A china mug with a chaste inscription is not lowered by being used as a souvenir of a place. But a book which is worth anything as a book does not want to borrow interest from the fact that it is a souvenir.

We hope the fashion for booklets will soon subside. It may have been originally started to allow the wealthy to spend rather more on their Christmas and birthday cards, without compelling them to abandon chromo-lithography, or encourage literature. One does not deny that they are pretty toys, but they should not play at being books. Surely some other way could be found of making Christmas cards sufficiently expensive.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

ENGLISH society, in village communities as elsewhere, has changed greatly since George Herbert wrote "A Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson and his Character and Rule of Holy Life"; yet much of the spirit of that devout and beautiful book—given to the world in 1652—seems to live again, with not a little that is distinctive and better adapted to the present age, in a volume which has just appeared, entitled "The Country Clergyman and his Work." The book consists of six lectures on pastoral theology delivered during May term last year in the Divinity School, Cambridge, by the Rev. Herbert James. From beginning to end, these counsels are wise, practical, large-hearted, and suggestive, and they cover nearly every aspect of clerical work in rural districts. Mr. James states that he has "walked with the teachers of the past and talked with the teachers of the present," and no one can read the book without quickly perceiving that this is no mere idle boast. The author, moreover, has had more than forty years' experience in the work of the ministry, and whilst the tone of assumption is entirely absent from his remarks, he speaks everywhere, not only in the accents of sincerity, but also in those of settled conviction. Mr. James advises the young clergyman to cultivate simplicity of thought and speech, and to aim at great directness. He urges the cultivation of the power of illustration, and especially from natural objects and such things, persons, books, and papers with which the people are familiar. The "country parson," says George Herbert, "telleth them stories." Mr. James lays stress, in the pulpit and out of it, on always calling wrong things by their right names. We agree with him in thinking that the present generation requires a little more of John the Baptist in its preachers, and that the average clergyman is becoming too "mealy-mouthed." A protest is made against "untidy vestments, irreverent attitude, senseless gabble, monotonous drawl," and other forms of slovenliness in the conduct of public worship. The book abounds in pithy sentences, some of which possess almost epigrammatic force, as two or three examples will show. "Intermittent uprightness is as bad a disease as intermittent fever." "Measure your work as God measures it—by its possibilities." "He who measures life by love, measures work by the heart thrown into it, do what you can." "Unprobed sores rarely heal up healthily—untouched sins breed after-trouble." The sphere of the country clergyman, his preaching, visiting, educational work, parochial organisations, and personal influence are in turn discussed with right feeling and common sense in this admirable and thoughtful volume.

Science and religion are often referred to as if they were antagonistic forces in modern society, but men like Dr. Dallinger, Professor Drummond, and the late Father Perry, to take but three representative names, show at once the misleading nature of such statements. A brief biographical sketch of the eminent Jesuit astronomer "Father Perry, F.R.S.," has just appeared, written from the point of view of a member of his own society. Father Perry was born in London in 1833, and was educated at the Benedictine College at Douay and afterwards at Rome. At the age of twenty he entered the Society of Jesus, and after prolonged study in London and Paris, he was in 1860 appointed professor of physics and mathematics at Stonyhurst, where he had charge of the observatory. Six years later he entered the priesthood, and there, with the exception of the period occupied by his scientific journeys, the rest of his life was spent. We cannot pretend here to indicate, even in outline, the distinguished services which he rendered to astronomical science, especially in connection with the transit of Venus expeditions; it is enough to say that in 1874 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and shortly before his last journey was placed on its council. It is claimed for him with no more than simple justice, in this impressive record of his simple earnest life and scientific achievements, that he died a victim to his sense of duty, and to his zeal for the work entrusted to him. A touching account is given of the Eclipse of December 22nd, 1889, at Salut, an island off the coast of South America, and of the manner in which Father Perry was carried from a sick-bed to take his last observation. The fact that a Jesuit priest should have died in command of a Government Expedition, undertaken in the interests of science, is in itself a sign of the times, and we do not wonder that the author of this little book appeals to such a circumstance as a proof that the Catholic Church is not hostile to the progress of scientific thought.

We are glad to welcome a cheap edition of Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," a book which was first published in two volumes nearly twenty years ago, and which has since then been several times reprinted. The author was at one time Secretary to the British Legation in Japan,

* THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN AND HIS WORK. Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge, 1889. By the Rev. Herbert James, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

FATHER PERRY, THE JESUIT ASTRONOMER. By A. L. Cortie, S.J. London: The Catholic Truth Society. Small 8vo. (1s.)

TALES OF OLD JAPAN. By A. B. Mitford. Illustrated by Japanese Artists. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE TOURIST'S POCKET-BOOK. By George F. Chambers, F.R.S.A. Fourth Edition. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. Foolscap 8vo. (1s.)

NEW HOLIDAYS IN ESSEX. Illustrated. Edited by Percy Lindley. London: 125, Fleet Street. (6d.)

MADAGASCAR: OR, ROBERT DRURY'S JOURNAL DURING FIFTEEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY ON THAT ISLAND. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Captain Pasfield Oliver, R.A. Illustrated. (The Adventure Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

and during the period of his residence in the country, he was fortunate enough to witness the earlier phases of the conflict between the old feudal system and Western ideas. Perhaps the most interesting of the stories collected by Mr. Mitford are the fairy-tales, for in them it is possible to trace the points of contact between the folk-lore of Japan and that of Indo-European nations. The Japanese lack originality, and the works of Confucius, Mencius, and other classical authors of China are reflected in their national literature. These "Tales of Old Japan" hinge chiefly on the valour of mediæval warriors, and are concerned with what may be termed the romance of the sword. Mr. Mitford made himself thoroughly familiar with the manners and customs of the Land of the Rising Sun, and this enabled him to interpret with happy accuracy a number of Japanese idioms, the force of which might have escaped a scholar or a translator who was not himself in actual touch with the people. The quaint and often droll illustrations by native artists greatly heighten the charm of the book.

Thanks chiefly, perhaps, to the crass ignorance—on which, by the way, he is apt to boast himself—of the ordinary travelling American, it is surprising how little knowledge of languages is absolutely required in these days in almost any part of Europe. Still, most people would do well—at all events if their holidays are likely to take them out of the beaten track—to avail themselves of some such volume as the "Tourist's Pocket-Book"—a capital and most convenient manual of useful words and simple phrases in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Greek, and half a dozen other languages. The slim, leather-bound volume also contains a number of practical hints for tourists, a cypher code for telegrams and post-cards, and a number of prescriptions and receipts in English and Latin. The quantities in the Latin prescriptions for simple ailments are given in "Centilitres" of the French metric system. There is a good list of "books useful to tourists," and space also is provided for those who like to follow Captain Cuttle's advice by jotting down "notes" on their journey.

Few people, except sportsmen and yachtsmen, hints Mr. Percy Lindley in his charming little book, "New Holidays in Essex," are acquainted with the quaint nooks and corners which are still to be found by lovers of the picturesque along the coast between the estuaries of the Thames and Blackwater. Tourists are still rare in the valley of the Crouch and the Roach, and not many visitors find their way to Osea and Foulness Islands. A great change before long may be expected to come over this part of England, and those who wish to see it before it is invaded—thanks to the Great Eastern Railway's recent extensions—by modern lodging-houses, nigger minstrels, and the like, ought to contrive to pay the district a flying visit as soon as possible.

Sailors have always been fond of spinning long yarns concerning their wonderful adventures and hairbreadth escapes in foreign parts, and in the reign of George II. information about remote parts of the globe was still so scanty and elementary that any man with a turn for romance, who had been abroad, found plenty of scope for his ingenuity. There was a time when "Robert Drury's Journal" was regarded as an unimpeachable and standard work of reference on the manners and customs of the natives of Madagascar. The book was first published in 1729, and professed to be a "plain and honest narrative of matters of fact," and as such it seems to have passed muster—in the dearth of fresh geographical research—until a comparatively recent period. Robert Drury knew how to draw the long bow, and his "plain narrative" of his fifteen years' captivity on that island was accordingly embellished with a good deal of ornamental fiction. If it is difficult now to determine the exact amount of veracity in the book; there can, at all events, be no two opinions about its vivacity, and therefore we are not at all surprised to find that it has at length found its proper place in a series devoted to "Adventures." There are reproductions of some quaint old woodcuts in the volume, and the curious map of Madagascar which appeared in the first edition has also been retained. Captain Oliver has edited the book with praiseworthy care, and though he does not conceal his scepticism about a good many of Drury's statements, he admits that the crafty fellow displayed great skill in weaving together a fascinating and romantic narrative.

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

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The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

NOTICE.

Enlargement of THE SPEAKER.

On and after SATURDAY, JULY 5th, The Speaker will appear in an enlarged and improved form, and will be printed from entirely new type. This number being the first of a new volume, several additional features of interest and value will be introduced; whilst every effort will be made to maintain the high standard of literary excellence which has already secured for THE SPEAKER so warm a recognition from the reading public in England and abroad.

The TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX for Volume I. may now be obtained gratis on application to the Publishers. CASES FOR BINDING the volume will be ready in a few days, and may be had by order from all booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

DISASTERS have accumulated on the Government during the past week. On Monday night MR. SMITH announced to an astonished House of Commons that Ministers had come to the conclusion that they could not pass the Local Taxation Bill in its entirety, and that they would therefore abandon the clauses enabling the County Councils to purchase licences. The fund for the extinction of licences would be left to accumulate until Parliament dealt with the whole question. It is not surprising that this foolish procedure on the part of the Government excited even more indignation among their friends than among their opponents. Nor is it easy to understand how Ministers ever came to adopt a course which manifestly combined every possible disadvantage. Something more than mere weakness and indecision must have led them to a conclusion so disastrous.

ON Tuesday the cup of Ministerial blundering and humiliation seemed really to run over. It was difficult to conceive how any greater depth of positive imbecility could be reached than that to which the Government had sunk. The Speaker, in reply to a question from MR. HEALY, pointed out that the plan which MR. SMITH had proposed on the previous day—the suspension of the clauses appropriating £350,000 per annum to the purchase of public-houses, whilst the money itself was to be “ear-marked” for that purpose—was a grave breach of constitutional usage. Ministers had accordingly to drop their very objectionable scheme for extricating themselves from a hopeless dilemma almost as soon as it had been conceived. It is not surprising that on Tuesday night, when this fresh humiliation of the once-powerful Administration was made known, all the talk was of an immediate dissolution. True, if a dissolution were to take place at this particular moment, the result would be fatal to the Unionist Party; but so completely have their own supporters

lost all faith in the sagacity and common-sense of Ministers, that even this consideration did not prevent wide credence being given to the rumour of a dissolution. To complete the tale of general confusion and mismanagement, the Ministerial journals on Wednesday morning announced that LORD SALISBURY was once more going to consult his party, and that a meeting of Conservative members was to be held that day at the Foreign Office. Many members went to the Foreign Office in accordance with this intimation, only to find the door shut in their faces. If Ministers had ever meant to hold the meeting, they had evidently changed their minds.

ON Thursday we had the latest edition of the Ministerial programme. There had been wild talk in the clubs and the lobby for the two days preceding, and though the belief that a dissolution was imminent had gradually died out, it was generally supposed that MR. SMITH's announcement would include some kind of reference to a reconstruction of the Ministry. It contained nothing of the kind, however. It amounted simply to an absolute withdrawal of the licensing clauses of the Local Taxation Bill—with the exception of the clause prohibiting the creation of additional licences—and to a promise that the money raised for compensation should be applied to some non-contentious purpose. As to the Tithes Bill MR. SMITH declined to give any definite promise. It might or it might not be taken; certainly there was no intention on the part of the Government to force it upon the House. Thus ends in ignominious defeat the campaign of Her Majesty's Ministers for the present Session. The three “great” measures over which they and their supporters were so loudly exultant a few weeks ago have vanished into thin air. The Land Purchase Bill is definitely relegated to next Session; the Licensing Bill is abandoned, the Tithes Bill is left to take care of itself, which in the case of a contentious Bill at this time of the year is practically the same as leaving a new-born babe on Salisbury Plain in midwinter. Never has a collapse so complete and so humiliating been seen before.

As for the talk of a reconstruction of the Cabinet, and of the admission to the Government of LORD HARTINGTON and MR. CHAMBERLAIN, there are just two things to be said. First, this step, if it were to be taken now, would be taken too late to be of the slightest use. The Liberal Unionist leaders would bring no fresh strength to the discredited Administration. They would merely set the official seal to that decree for the annihilation of the Liberal Unionist party which has already, as we point out elsewhere, gone forth. Secondly, it seems quite clear that the Tory party do not want to have any more ex-Liberals brought into the Cabinet. Judging by the temper shown by the *Standard* of yesterday, for example, there is just now a feeling of great bitterness among the Conservatives regarding the Liberal Unionists. They think that the latter have betrayed the Government on the Licensing Question, and they regard their conduct as being all the worse because it was a Liberal Unionist Minister, MR. GOSCHEN, who was responsible for that ill-starred measure. The “unholy alliance” was never weaker than it is to-day.

ONE notable incident of the week has been the resignation by MR. CAINE of his seat in the House of Commons, in order that he may give his constituents an opportunity of pronouncing an opinion upon his recent action, and upon the conduct of the Government. MR. CAINE, who is a man of great energy and resolute will, down to a comparatively recent period was one of the most staunch supporters of the Liberal Unionist leader. But once or twice before the introduction of the Publicans' Compensation Bill he gave proofs of his personal independence; notably when the report of the Royal Commission exonerated the Irish Members from personal complicity in crime. A devoted friend of Temperance Reform, he appears to have been outraged by the conduct of the Government in introducing the principle of compensation into their measure for dealing with the liquor traffic, whilst he is hardly less bitterly incensed against the Liberal Unionist party for not having stayed the hand of the Government "in their reckless abandonment of good legislation for bad." Under the circumstances he believed that he had no alternative but to retire from the Liberal Unionist party, and at the same time to give up his seat in the House of Commons, and submit himself again to the votes of his constituents. We cannot pretend to be altogether in favour of small plébiscites of this kind, yet it is impossible to doubt MR. CAINE'S courage, or to deny the significance of the election which, thanks to his action, is about to take place at Barrow.

THE tone of the Ministerial papers during the past week has been extremely instructive. On Monday morning, alarmed by the rumour that Ministers contemplated such a step as that which they actually took a few hours later, the *Times* and *Standard* once more assumed the 'Ercles vein, and loudly demanded strong measures against an unscrupulous Opposition whom they apparently held responsible for the fact that the Government had seen fit to interpose a Brewers' Compensation Bill between the House of Commons and the Irish Land Purchase Bill. The next day, when the weak and shambling surrender of the Ministry had become known, none of the Ministerial prints could hide their indignation, and bitter was the cry of indignation which they raised over the incompetence of those who had allowed an entire Session to be frittered away in the futile pursuit of impossible ends. It is the first time since the present Government assumed office that the Ministerial papers have shown anything like independence of criticism, and we need hardly say that the outspoken condemnation of their own party leaders in which they have indulged during the present week is extremely significant.

LORD HARTINGTON has shown that he does not know the mind of the Government. Now it is MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S turn. He too has written a letter. It was always dangerous for the Liberal Unionist leaders to write letters, especially on the eve of bye-elections. But now they must be tempted to give up correspondence altogether. For although MR. CHAMBERLAIN assured a friend that the Government had consented to extend to the Scotch crofters the provision devised for the benefit of the tenants in the congested districts in the west of Ireland, the Lord Advocate has stated in the House of Commons that the Government have no such intention. What has the offended majesty of Birmingham to say to this? Perhaps he will answer that it is useless to discuss the mind of a Ministry that has no mind. But what is the national benefit of an alliance between a mindless Government and a discredited oracle?

A VERY important meeting of the Council of the National Liberal Federation was held at Birmingham on Monday. It was announced during the proceedings that SIR WALTER FOSTER had resigned the chairmanship of the Executive

Committee. DR. SPENCE WATSON of Newcastle-on-Tyne was chosen in his place, and it was resolved that an inquiry should be made into the state of the organisation throughout the country. Such an inquiry is manifestly needed at the present moment when we are rapidly approaching a General Election and a political struggle of the greatest importance. At the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there is in some quarters a disposition to deal hardly with the National Liberal Federation and to belittle the important services which it has rendered to the Liberal cause. It would be difficult to exaggerate the extent and the value of the aid which MR. SCHNADHORST, who to so large an extent has guided the course of the Federation, has rendered to English Liberalism for many years past; whilst the whole party owes a deep debt of gratitude to SIR JAMES KITSON and SIR WALTER FOSTER for their services as President and Chairman of the Executive Committee respectively since the great disruption. No greater mistake could be made than that of attempting to supersede the Federation with its wide and free representation of provincial Liberalism, by any central or self-elected body in London. We do not doubt that under DR. SPENCE WATSON'S chairmanship the Executive Committee of the Federation will continue to discharge their important duties in such a manner as to satisfy the great body of those whom they represent.

MR. SCHNADHORST was entertained at dinner on Monday by a party of his old friends at Birmingham, who wished to celebrate his return from the Cape. In the course of his speech after dinner, he declared that he saw on every side indications that we shall have a repetition of the marvellous Liberal success of 1880 at the next General Election. In making this statement he faithfully expressed the sentiments which now seem to prevail throughout the Liberal party and beyond it. Most Liberals have been confident of their triumph when next an appeal was made to the country, and the electors had an opportunity of reconsidering the verdict which they gave in 1886. But now the conviction that the result of the next appeal to the constituencies is a foregone conclusion is universal throughout the Liberal party. Nor is this all; no one can to-day be found in the Conservative ranks who ventures to express a contrary opinion. There has been no period since that which immediately preceded the General Election of 1868 when public opinion was so unanimous as it now is as to the result of an approaching election. It is hardly wonderful in these circumstances that Ministers should show themselves to be weak and disheartened; the wonder rather is that they continue to cling to office, knowing as they do that the nation no longer supports them.

WE publish on another page an article on the relations of PRINCE BISMARCK to the EMPEROR OF GERMANY, from the pen of MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW, a gentleman who, as is well known, has a special knowledge of the subject on which he writes. One who is even better informed than MR. BIGELOW has, however, cast some light on the same subject during the present week, that is PRINCE BISMARCK himself. On Sunday last he received a deputation representing 30,000 citizens of Berlin, who came to present him with a complimentary address, and in his reply explained once more the reason why he had retired from office. His language was more guarded and moderate than it has been on some previous occasions, but through all he said ran the assumption of his own infallibility, accompanied by fresh evidence of his extreme, we may say extraordinary, sensitiveness to anything in the shape of criticism. What he had to say of his relations with the Emperor, fully confirms the statement of MR. BIGELOW that the question at issue between them was actually one of personal supremacy. The Prince stoutly defended his own

undoubted right as a citizen to give free expression to his opinions. Unfortunately, however, he failed to explain wherein the difference lay between himself and COUNT VON ARNIM, whom he subjected to so relentless and malignant a persecution for exercising the very right which he now claims.

THE agreement with Germany has met with comparatively little discussion in the English Press during the week, for the mind of the public has naturally been absorbed by the spectacle of a once-powerful Ministry tottering to its fall. Generally, it may be said that the feeling as regards the actual agreement in Africa is more favourable than it was at first. But on the question of Heligoland there is a growing feeling of uneasiness at the thought of the population of the island. If they are willing to become Germans there is no reason why the island should not be ceded to Germany; but if they object—and judging by the information gathered by the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the island itself, this seems to be the case—the English Government will take an almost unprecedented course in handing them over against their will to another State. No doubt the difficulty is a sentimental one merely, but it is just one of those pieces of sentiment regarding which Englishmen have always been most sensitive.

ABROAD there has been much discussion of the Anglo-German agreement during the week. If England ought to be satisfied with a bargain when her neighbours are displeased she has certainly every reason for satisfaction in the present case. Russia is very angry, we are told, at the agreement between this country and Germany, and the Russian newspapers insist that there is something more in the understanding than has yet been made known—that there is, in fact, a secret treaty of alliance between the two countries which must greatly strengthen the position of England in Egypt. France has her own strong reason for objecting to the agreement, not merely on the general ground of its injurious influence upon her own interests, but because of a more definite point. This is the fact that our Protectorate over Zanzibar is at variance with the understanding which was arrived at between the French and English Governments regarding the independence of that island so long ago as 1862. It is whispered that when Lord Salisbury came to terms with Germany he had clean forgotten the existence of this Anglo-French agreement. The French, however, have evidently made up their minds not to allow him to escape from this old arrangement, and we may therefore expect the opening of another question of a disagreeable kind, between ourselves and our neighbours.

THE state of affairs in the Metropolitan Police Force is evidently very critical. The appointment of SIR EDWARD BRADFORD as successor to MR. MUNRO may be an excellent one; but it has still to be justified. On the face of it, we do not think that an Indian officer, however distinguished, is a man whose previous training makes it likely that he will be a satisfactory chief of such a body as the Metropolitan Police. Meanwhile it is evident that the agitation in the force on the questions of superannuation, extra allowances, and so forth, is very serious. The Home Secretary and the House of Commons between them may succeed in solving the problem. But unfortunately the general feeling with regard to the Home Secretary's fitness to guide such delicate negotiations as those which are now in progress is by no means favourable, and at any moment he may take a step which will make a police strike almost inevitable. Upon the general merits of the question, we are bound to say that the Home Secretary's position is a sound one, and all Liberals ought to support him in it; for nothing more serious could well happen than the abolition of Ministerial responsibility for the control of the

police. But the position of MR. MATTHEWS and his fitness for the difficult duties he has to discharge are very different things.

AN extraordinary and most instructive incident took place last Sunday at Northampton. A meeting to consider the Government licensing proposals had been called, to be held in the market-place, after the hours of divine service in the evening. The market-place has long been the favoured spot at which open-air meetings are held in Northampton, and there has never been any interference with such gatherings before. On this occasion, however, the magistrates having met on Saturday, issued a proclamation prohibiting the meeting, and declaring that those who took part in it would be liable to imprisonment. A more monstrous piece of illegality was of course never perpetrated in the name of the law, and the Home Secretary was unable to say a word in defence of the peccant magistrates, who were the only law-breakers in connection with the meeting. It is clear, however, that these foolish persons had got some muddled notion into their heads that what was legal in Ireland could not be unlawful in England. Moreover, they had the evil examples of Trafalgar Square and the recent procession on the occasion of the Anti-Compensation demonstration in Hyde Park before them. A few more years of Tory rule, and we should be witnessing serious attempts on the part of Conservative magistrates to repeat the follies of their brethren of Northampton.

ON Thursday, the Directors of the Bank of England raised their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. Their reserve has become so dangerously small that it is necessary for them to take measures to protect it, especially as it is becoming evident that it will be materially reduced. For weeks past large amounts of gold have been withdrawn from them for the Continent, Egypt, India, and South America, and they have been unable to make good their losses by importing from other countries. The probability is that the withdrawals will increase, for an English and Continental Syndicate has agreed to lend the Argentine Government five millions sterling. A large part of the money it is understood will be taken in gold, the object being to regulate the currency in the Argentine Republic, prevent a further advance in the gold premium, and restore confidence. Already the smallness of the Bank of England's reserve and the scarcity of loanable capital in the outside market had become very marked at the beginning of the week. Much business was transferred from the outside market to the Bank of England, and in the outside market the discount rate rose to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

THE scarcity of money in the open market made the carrying over rates at the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange this week unusually high. Bankers called in loans which they had previously made, and dealers, therefore, found it difficult to settle their accounts. Carrying over rates, consequently, in the American market ranged from 7 to 9 per cent.; in the foreign market in some cases from about 7 to 8 per cent., and from 5 to 6 per cent. in other departments. Owing to the money stringency, there has been little business doing upon the Stock Exchange all the week, yet markets are steady. It is believed that most weak speculators have now closed their accounts, and operators are looking forward with more confidence to the immediate future. The Indian Government offers holders of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rupee paper an option to convert at once into Four per cents., the Four and a half per cents. being redeemable in September, 1893. As an inducement to do so, it will pay at once the $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. interest to which they would not be entitled till September, 1893. Trade continues good, as the railway traffic returns prove, those issued this week being exceedingly satisfactory.

FOUND OUT.

AN important leader of an important section in the present Parliament is said to have declared, in one of the very few confidences that he has ever made as to his maxims and methods, that in politics it is best never to be sure of anything. Never has that salutary warning received more striking confirmation than in the crash of the present Government. Every day for the last fortnight has brought a surprise, and each surprise has brought the Government a stride nearer to a crisis. You can only foretell the action of a Cabinet by assuming, for the occasion, that its members are men of decent prudence and sense—or at least are men of common average sanity. Yet the events of the last fortnight have shown that in the case of the present Cabinet you can assume nothing of the kind. We may ransack our political history for a century past without finding such a record of vacillation, improvidence, ingenious foolishness, and bottomless humiliation. It is not worth while to recapitulate the successive stages of compromises which nobody accepted, of concessions which removed no single objection, of proposals made to-day in a hurry and to-morrow withdrawn in a fright. Panting time toils after the Ministers in vain, and unaided memory cannot keep count of the step upon step by which they have reluctantly, and with clumsy, blundering feet, passed from the most solemn pledges of eternal fidelity to Compensation to the final abandonment of provisions which they had sworn to pass or die. So sudden a wreck of a combination and a government has never been seen. It was only the other day that their pride was at its height with a surplus of millions (rather a bogus surplus, it is true), reliefs in taxation that were to diffuse universal delight (a delight, for that matter, which people curiously dissembled), and a plan for remedial legislation in Ireland that would once and for all bring the wrongs and the woes of many ages to a beneficent close, say, by September. What we see now is a party that has lost all heart, a policy in rags and tatters, and chiefs whom their followers no longer either respect or trust. The force of the catastrophe may be measured by the curious transformation in the demeanour of the once loud and impatient majority in the House of Commons. Irish members may ply Mr. Balfour with questions without a single remonstrant groan. The heroics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are now very seldom exhibited, and when the once favourite performance reappears, the charm has gone and it falls as flat as a stale joke or a story without a point. The whole game of the Coercionist coalition is up, and the question now is, not whether this Bill or that Bill shall be dropped or shall be proceeded with, but for how many months or how many weeks the present Administration is to hold out.

The pretence that the Ministerial fabric has tumbled to pieces because the Speaker has expressed his opinion that the word "appropriate" has a meaning in constitutional procedure which Mr. Goschen did not foresee is as silly as the stale stuff which Lord George Hamilton hashed up again on Wednesday night about the unparalleled obstruction with which a factious and malignant Opposition had balked the most sagacious of Governments. But the improvidence and forgetfulness of Mr. Goschen in the matter of the constitutional rule which he overlooked is undoubtedly an illustration of the way in which the whole business has been conducted. There is a peculiar satisfaction in the circumstance that the final shot was aimed by Mr. Healy. One afternoon in May this most acute and able parliamentarian moved an innocent-looking little amendment, to insert after the provision that the proceeds of the new taxes should be appropriated to such purposes as Parliament should hereafter direct, the words "by any Act passed in the course of the present Session." He supported his apparently harmless proposal in a racy and biting speech, of which Mr. Goschen complained that in it the orator had said the same

thing—"and I counted it—thirteen times over." "I withdraw the other twelve," said Mr. Healy, pleasantly and promptly. "Why did he not ask us," cried Mr. Goschen, "whether we would accept the amendment? *It is a very simple amendment.* We intend to pass an Act this Session applying this money, and we have no objection to putting these words into the Bill." *O, pectora ceca!* O, miserable minds of men! O, blind Chancellor of the Exchequer!

When an impostor is once found out, it is surprising how rapidly people begin to discern the seamy side of his brilliant days; and so now, when the Cabinet of men of business has been found out, its friends are hurrying to point out how wrong its principles have been from the beginning. They rend the air with their bitter cry. The mischief has all been done, they say, because the Prime Minister is also Foreign Secretary; he ought to have known that such an arrangement would never work, and that it was impossible for one pair of shoulders to bear the double burden. But that is exactly what Mr. Gladstone insisted upon from the first—that the keystone of our Cabinet system is a Prime Minister. Any Tory will now admit, in the candour bred of catastrophe, that there has been, and there is, no real Prime Minister looking after the concerns of the party as a whole, shaping its course, defining its business, managing its general interests, and watching the currents of feeling and opinion. How was it possible for a Minister with this great and laborious African settlement in his hands—to say nothing of possible settlements with France—to keep his eye on the deadly perils of "the policy of pints and quarts and pewter pots"? The result has been that we have not had a Cabinet Government at all in its proper sense, but a bundle of departments, and the minister at the head of each of them struggling to press on some measure of his own without regard to the measures of anybody else. Mr. Goschen struggled hardest, and succeeded, and the result of his success is the wreck both of himself and his colleagues. The mischiefs arising from the absence of an effective Prime Minister have been aggravated by the excessive size of the Cabinet. No wonder that a council of seventeen has mismanaged things. Everybody sees this now, though oddly enough the very people who denounce the unwieldiness of a Cabinet of seventeen attribute the scrape in which they find themselves to the too infrequent meetings of this unwieldy body. It is not, however, in such circumstances as these, important as they are, that the Ministers and their friends in their hearts find the real root of the disaster. They know very well that that root is to be sought in the unnatural control exercised upon their counsels by two leaders who are not in the Cabinet at all. No sensible man ever believed that this arrangement, decidedly unconstitutional and of most equivocal honesty, could work well, either for the confederates themselves or for the country. It is plain that whatever else may be the issue of the present crisis, we are near the end of a system under which Ministers in a mess send for Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, with the invariable consequence, if we may judge from the events of the last few days, of making the mess worse than it was before.

THE HARD CASE OF THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

WE are not surprised at the degree of attention which has been given to the important letter we published last week from "A Liberal Unionist Editor." That letter was no cunningly devised fable, but a genuine cry of distress from a loyal member of the Liberal Unionist party, and it must have impressed all who read it not merely by the force and cogency of its arguments, but by the manifest sincerity of the writer. The Liberal Unionists, it must be admitted, are at this moment in a position which can only be described as desperate. Absolutely separated by their own determination from the Liberal party of which they were once loyal

and powerful members, they have now been abandoned and betrayed by the allies to whom they made so complete a transference of their allegiance. Nor is this all. Their own leaders, the very men who headed them when they seceded from the old army, have played them false and assisted at their undoing. The blundering incapacity of Lord Hartington has been emphasised by the malign obstinacy of Mr. Chamberlain. It is no secret among the well-informed that there has been a most serious difference between the Whig leader and his Radical colleague. Lord Hartington has been weak and undecided, but on the whole has inclined during the recent crisis to the paths of wisdom and moderation. There has been no indecision or wavering on the part of Mr. Chamberlain; but as usual his imperious temper has led him to advocate the most foolish and destructive of the Ministerial plans. Undeterred by the open mutiny in the ranks of the Liberal Unionists, he has been all for urging Ministers forward on the road to ruin.

The general result is that the Liberal Unionists now find themselves in a position which is absolutely hopeless. We regret the fact sincerely. Strongly as we have had to resent the pretensions of the Liberal Dissentients to pose as a party of superior morality, and keenly impressed as we have been by their lack of foresight and statesmanlike sagacity in regard to the great question of Ireland, we have given them credit for honesty of purpose, and for a sincere desire to do the best for their country without regard to the mere interests of party. It is, therefore, with sorrow rather than with exultation that we see their painful awakening to the reality of their position. One tie, and one tie only, bound the conscientious Liberal Unionists to the present Government. That was their faith in the sincerity of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues when they promised that something more than a mere policy of coercion should be adopted towards Ireland. For two years past the better men among the followers of Lord Hartington have been calling for the redemption of this promise. They have besought the party to which they had committed themselves, and for whose possession of power they were responsible, to do something to make it possible for the Liberal Unionist to show that he was not a mere coercionist, but that he, as much as Mr. Gladstone, desired to do something to satisfy the just demands of the Irish people, even though he would not go so far as to give them Home Rule. Had they not declared on a hundred platforms at the last election and subsequently that they were better friends of Ireland than Mr. Gladstone was, that they were just as anxious as any Home Ruler to conciliate Irish opinion, and that short of a surrender on the Home Rule question they were prepared to make any fair concession to Irish demands? And now the deluded men who believed that the harshness of Mr. Balfour's method of rule was not incompatible with a statesmanlike extension of remedial measures have learned their bitter lesson. Ministers have brought in a Land Purchase Bill, and have dropped it in favour of two other measures—a Tithes Bill and a Brewers' Compensation Bill. Here at least there is no possibility of laying the sins of the Government upon the Opposition. It was not Mr. Gladstone who induced Lord Salisbury to put the Tithe Question before the Irish Land Question. It was not pressure from the Radical benches that led Mr. Goschen to elbow his way to the front with his miserable and abortive measure for buying up public-houses. Alone Ministers did it, and their Liberal allies can vent their righteous indignation upon no other persons.

Is it surprising that the Devonshire House dissentients should feel that they have been betrayed? We have only to think for a moment of what the present situation really is in order to see how fully justified is their wrath. The relegation of the Land Purchase Bill until next year means—at the best—that an Irish Local Government Bill cannot be brought in until 1892. But who believes that the present Parliament will still be sitting in 1892? Nay, who believes that Lord Salisbury will then be in office? Ministers by their blundering

feebleness, and by their callous disregard of the moral claims of their allies, have condemned the latter to face the electors at the next general election with nothing more than a bundle of broken promises and dishonoured pledges to show for their work in the present House of Commons. "We told you," they must say when they again stand before the electors, "that we meant to rule Ireland not by mere coercion, but in a spirit of firmness and justice; we undertook that great remedial measures should follow hard upon any measures of coercion, that we should make it our business to remedy every real grievance of the Irish people, and to remove the least pretext for discontent and disaffection; finally, we assured you that it was because we knew that this was the spirit in which Lord Salisbury meant to administer the government of the United Kingdom, that we had transferred our allegiance from Mr. Gladstone to him. But now we have to admit with sorrow and with shame that the one measure we have passed for Ireland, during all these years in which we have been in power, has been a perpetual Coercion Bill; that not one grievance has been redressed, nor one step taken to lessen the sense of wrong in the hearts of the Irish people."

This is the confession which every honest Liberal Unionist who is something better than a mere Tory at heart will have to make when he stands before his constituents at the next general election. Is it wonderful that he is now consumed with anger against those who have brought him into a plight so pitiable and humiliating? He has been befooled and betrayed. He has alienated his old friends and followers only in turn to be betrayed and disowned by the allies to whom he has sold himself. Let it be remembered that he cannot a second time tell the same story that he told in 1886. Much indeed of the ammunition which he honestly used then has been destroyed. The Royal Commission has shown that the Parnellite members are free from any shadow of complicity in those dreadful crimes which weighed so heavily against them four years ago. This is not a small thing in itself, but above and beyond this is the fact that if a Liberal Unionist now talks of redressing the legitimate grievances of Irishmen, he simply lays himself open to the mocking taunts of those who can point in triumph to the broken pledges he has already given on this subject. If he stands at all, therefore, he must stand as an avowed Coercionist, in other words as a Tory, who has dismissed all pretence of a leaning towards the policy of conciliation, and who is committed to the policy of Mr. Balfour with all its attendant conditions. That means not the break-up, but the annihilation of the Liberal Unionist party. Mr. Caine has seen this already, and taken steps accordingly to save himself. We shall be curious to see how many of his companions prefer destruction to following the example he has set them.

BALFOURISM.

AS Mr. Arthur Balfour is likely to be the last representative of Castle rule in Ireland, it is fitting that he should recapitulate in his person all the vices of a system which he administers with such signal fidelity to its worst traditions, and which will perish with his official life. The cause of Home Rule has had no more potent, albeit unconscious, advocate than he. He lacks every qualification which the administrator of Irish affairs ought to possess. He is a Lowland Scotchman sent to rule a Celtic country, of whose history, geography, institutions, and traditions he knew nothing before he was installed in his present office, and of which he has learnt but little since beyond the veracious reports which he receives from his official agents. He is a Presbyterian governing a Roman Catholic population. He is a landlord saturated with all the prejudices of his class, whose business it is to act impartially between landlord and tenant in a country where the relations between the two classes

have been embittered by memories of cruel oppression, not yet extinct, on the part of the landlords. So far, Mr. Balfour's disqualifications for the post which he holds are incidental to his position, and he would almost need to be more than human to rise superior to them. Now let us consider for a moment what this means. Ever since the ill-omened Union we have been governing Ireland in a way in which we have not dared to govern even the meanest of our Crown Colonies. A military Colony like Malta, which is little more than a British garrison, enjoys some measure of self-government. Ireland has practically none. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the demands of its representatives in the Imperial Parliament have, as a rule, been considered as a reason for refusing, not for granting, the wishes of the people of Ireland. No popular Irish leader, no man representing even remotely the feelings of the Irish people, has ever held a seat in a British Cabinet. Since the Union the office of Lord-Lieutenant has been filled thirty-two times. Of these Viceroyalties not one has been a Roman Catholic, or can be even now. A Roman Catholic may hold any other office under the Crown except that of Lord High Chancellor of England. He may govern any of our Colonies and our Indian Empire. He may command our armies. He may be Prime Minister. The only office which he is debarred by his religion from holding is that of Viceroy in a country of which five-sixths of the population are Roman Catholics. An Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Quaker, an Atheist, may be Viceroy of Ireland. The only disqualification is the religion to which the vast majority of the Irish people belong. Nor is this all. Of the thirty-two Viceroyalties of Ireland since the Union, only three have been Irishmen, and only three have been in harmony with Irish sentiment. During the same period there have been forty-two appointments to the office of Chief Secretary, and the list does not include a single Roman Catholic. It includes only eight Irishmen, and only two who possessed the confidence of the Irish people. How long would Scotland stand such a system? What would Mr. Balfour himself say if an Irish Roman Catholic Viceroy and an Irish Roman Catholic Chief Secretary—say Mr. Timothy Healy—were to govern Scotland from Holyrood Palace with the same contempt for Scottish feeling, and the same cynical disregard of ordinary law, which Mr. Balfour himself has been exhibiting in his arbitrary administration of Ireland? We doubt whether his conduct would contrast favourably with that of the majority of the victims of his tyranny in Ireland; but we feel certain that he would never face the plank bed, and prison dress, and the cropping of his hair and moustache in defence of his patriotism. It is much easier to laugh at such endurance from a safe vantage-ground than to imitate it.

The inseparable accidents of Mr. Balfour's position are thus in themselves such a glaring disqualification for the office which he holds, that any man possessing the rudimentary elements of common sense and generosity would have taken special pains to conciliate, as far as possible, a public sentiment which must necessarily be outraged by his official presence on Irish soil. But Mr. Balfour is singularly devoid both of common sense and chivalry. Clever, cultivated, adroit and supple in controversy, he is too supercilious to understand human nature, and has consequently no political foresight. He was so ignorant of public feeling on the eve of the General Election of 1880 that he expected a good working majority in favour of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy; and we believe that he now flatters himself that his own Irish policy has been so successful that it would secure a large majority for the Government in the event of a dissolution. The reason is that Mr. Balfour is imbued to the core with the prejudices of a privileged caste, and is therefore in a state of what theologians call "invincible ignorance" as regards the lower strata of human nature. An aristocrat by birth and by associations, he is by nature and cultivation a cynic of a somewhat effeminate type:

obstinate rather than firm, callous more than brave. His feeling towards the masses—especially when he has them, as in Ireland, at his mercy—is that of a Virginian planter towards his slaves, or of a Turkish Pasha towards the Rayahs under his rule. He regards them as beings of an order of humanity different from his own, between whom, therefore, and himself the ordinary relations of human beings and the recognised obligations of duty and courtesy do not exist. Those who know Mr. Balfour in private life, describe him as charming—refined, amiable, courteous; and we do not doubt the fidelity of the picture. But such was also the Virginian planter of old, and such is to-day the Pasha of Stamboul. We do not wish to compare Mr. Balfour with either, except in that characteristic which they all possess in common—the scorn of a privileged caste for its slaves, scorn which blunts the mind to the duty of observing the rules of moral conduct even towards slaves. We remember a lecture by Mark Twain in which he described the increasing cold which he once experienced in ascending a lofty mountain, till at last he reached a point "where it is so cold that a man can't tell the truth there." Mr. Balfour seems to experience a similar difficulty as he lectures down on the Irish people from the frigid altitude of his own superior position. No member of Parliament in our generation has been so free as he in reckless charges of untruthfulness against his political opponents; yet no member has more need than he of that apostolic charity which "believeth all things," for he is in the habit of making exorbitant demands upon our faith in his plighted word. We do not believe for a moment that Mr. Balfour would knowingly state what he believed to be untrue. But we do believe that his scorn for the Irish is such that he does not recognise any rigid obligation towards them in the matter of accuracy. He makes random statements without seeming to care whether they are true or not, provided they serve the purpose of the moment; and when his inaccuracy is brought home to him he does not retract and apologise; he tries either to evade the point, or confuse the issue, or to escape under cover of a smart gibe. This might be illustrated in considerable detail, and it may be useful to do it; but the exigencies of space forbid it to-day. When Mr. Chamberlain was still a Liberal, he declared that the administration of Ireland was as arbitrary as that of Austria in Venetia, or of Russia in Poland. There was scarcely any exaggeration in the indictment then, and things are much worse now, for Mr. Balfour was not then at the Irish Office. The British public have learnt a good deal in the interval; but they do not at all realise how completely Mr. Balfour has trodden under foot in Ireland all the traditions of English justice, and all the rules which govern the administration of the law in this country. Arbitrary will has in Ireland taken the place of the law of the land. That is a serious accusation, and we shall take an early opportunity of substantiating it.

ENGLISH HISTORY MINUS PIGOTT.

A MAN may be glad that his friends think him honest, and may nevertheless regret that circumstances oblige him to say so—in a witness-box, for instance. The *Spectator* has been reviewing the Government's past, and constructing a certificate of good character therefrom; and of course the Editor may have done this on amiable grounds alone. But the wording of the testimonial is suspicious:—"It is an expedient time, we think, to remind our readers of what this Government, considered as a Government, and not as an instrument for passing a single Bill of third-rate importance, really has been" . . . and hereafter follows the certificate. We quite agree with the *Spectator* that it is an "expedient" time to call this evidence, but fancy it ignores the point before the jury.

For surely the present Government is standing up for judgment on this very question—is it, or is it not, a trust-worthy “instrument for passing a single Bill of third-rate importance”? And the ground, let its advocate note, is of the Government’s own choosing. We were perfectly ready to go to the jury on the question of its merits or defects “considered as a Government.” But this alternative it deliberately threw away. After starting the Session with a legislative scheme—a scheme of magnitude if not of merit—expressly designed to render their peculiar mode of government effective, Mr. Smith and his fellows abandoned it suddenly for “a single Bill of third-rate importance,” and were at pains very explicitly to tell us that on this third-rate Bill they would stand or fall. “Under which king, Bez—?” before we could finish the challenge came the answer, flung at our heads, and flung rudely enough. But assuredly we do not complain. Also the *Times* and *Standard* echoed their master’s defiance with less decency, after the manner of flunkies. Again we do not complain: we only take Her Majesty’s advisers and her advisers’ advisers at their unanimous word. After proclaiming, “We will let Government go hang, and pass this twopenny measure, and *gare qui la touche!*” they shall not escape by whining, “If you please, we didn’t mean it, and please let us off this time, because we do govern so very well.”

Still, as an academical exercise, we might pass a minute or two in examining what the *Spectator* thinks of “the Government as it has been;” for, says the advocate, “we are not sure, amidst the perplexity and overwork of our present constitutional system, whether the Government have not a little neglected the great art of advertising themselves.” Well, there be those who think that Ireland (not to mention a biggish slice of Africa) is liberally placarded with their ineptitude; but we notice that even the *Spectator* is so far observant of the proverb warning men not to cry “Stinking fish!” as to be discreetly silent on the exploits of Messrs. Matthews and Raikes. Nor (to utter a nobler name) do we hear of Lord Idlesleigh, trodden into his grave by the indecent feet of men who run only for the prize. Nor again, in the glowing panegyric of Lord Salisbury’s “compromise,” can we find any mention of the historical fact that when Lord Salisbury came into office, he held Zanzibar in the hollow of his hand; that he helped the Germans to come there; and that he has now had to buy them out by extravagant sacrifices in Africa, *plus* the cession of Heligoland—truly a magnificent bit of diplomacy. As for Lord George Hamilton, his is an “automatic scheme” which will make the country “as strong at sea as it can be made:” and “automatic scheme” is good—if only we know how many pennies are to be put in the slot. Of these, however, we are not reminded.

But “government”—“government” is the thing where-with the *Spectator* will catch the conscience of us abandoned “Gladstonians,” to whose humiliation it has no wish (in another column) to make broad its phylacteries. And on this matter we learn that the Government “has not given way upon any point” (consult Mr. Balfour’s early treatment of the Irish leaders, his abandonment of the same, and his transference of punishment to the smaller fry), “but has set itself steadily to its double task of (1) restoring the ascendancy of law in Ireland by civil process and without courts-martial, and (2) of carrying through a revolution in tenure unaccompanied, and therefore not spoiled, by projects of confiscation.”

Now (1), which is Balfourism, is also a question which every child knows to be still under vehement discussion, and upon which we have something to say elsewhere. But (2), if you please, is the Land Purchase Bill—the very measure that has just been abandoned in favour of Mr. Goschen’s “third-rate” proposals! Was ever such complacent impudence? We are invited to re-elect Messrs. Smith and Co. for “setting themselves steadily” to the task they insisted on postponing. Here is every Liberal Unionist abusing the Government for abandoning the measure, and here, on the other hand, is the *Spectator* patting them on the back for being “influenced

through and through in its innermost temper and ideas by its alliance with the Unionist party,” and for being “thoroughly faithful to Unionist principles.” Sweet is the cynicism of the Pharisee.

As we said, the Government have chosen to stand or fall on a definite point, and on that we will judge them. For the rest, Parliaments grow senile after five years or so, and dote and fail. The abject proceedings of the last week or two have come about by a natural process of decay; and men, though they pay to hear a once famous singer long after she is past her prime, will not re-elect a discredited set of public servants, for obvious reasons.

No doubt it is well to be reminded of the Government’s doings; but let us have them all. To omit Pigott in any chronicle of the present Parliament is to play *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince expunged. And of “Pigott,” oddly enough, the *Spectator* breathes no word.

LIMITED LIABILITY IN MORALS.

WE question the truth of that most popular of platitudes, that men can never be made better by Act of Parliament. Sometimes people are improved morally and otherwise by legislation; the history of past legislation in regard to promoters shows it; the justification of fresh legislation on the same subject is the success, on the whole, of what has been done. Often public morality is greatly ahead of law, sometimes it lags behind. Though far from what it ought to be, as we may see by the discussion in the House of Commons of the Directors’ Liability Bill, and by revelations made in cases of almost daily occurrence in Court—the last being *Butterfield v. The Financial News*, tried before Mr. Justice Mathew—public morality has advanced, men’s consciences have been educated and quickened, by the sharp castigation administered by judges and juries. Mr. Buckle thought ethical, as distinguished from intellectual, progress a chimera, if not an impossibility. Could he have seen the sudden appearance of new ethical germs and their rapid development in city circles under the fostering influence of a more stringent law, he might have revised some celebrated chapters in his history. The theologian may be right—the unclean heart cannot be made pure by Acts of Parliament; enough for us that there arises a consciousness of guilt, a dread of doing evil, in those who felt neither.

Commercial morality is, as to many things, still in a rude, almost barbarous, state. Who does not know the position of those who resist further legislation in the interest of investors? Whenever there is a fresh proposal to put down fraud, to stop the adulteration of food, to prevent crazy overlaid ships going to sea, to supervise mines, or to protect seamen from the impositions of crimps and land-sharks, the remark is, “What! more grandmotherly legislation! Each person knows what is best for himself.” Now who is this accomplished citizen, so knowing, who needs no help? Let us find him if we can, and follow his movements even for an hour. He is about to go by train; being a perfect mechanic, he instantly perceives by a casual glance whether the brakes or the gearings are defective, or whether there is a latent flaw in an axle, and does not travel until it is repaired. Should he be satisfied as to these points, he observes, as he rushes along, whether the metals are in proper order and all the Board of Trade requirements have been complied with. If he buys a casual sandwich and a hurried glass of ale, he detects—such is his knowledge of chemistry, organic and inorganic—the presence of foreign ingredients, and is able to say whether the animal from which the joint was taken died of natural causes. Should he purpose going by sea, he ascertains, with equal rapidity, whether the structure of the vessel would satisfy a surveyor of Lloyd’s, or whether she would be stopped by a surveyor of the Board of Trade. The intelligent citizen who can always help himself, for

whom the modern *caveat emptor* or *caveat viator* is satisfactory, is a monster of knowledge, astuteness, and intelligent readiness such as never was or will be. Certainly the person who is able to rate at their true worth the statements in prospectuses is very rare. We have no time to go to Vancouver's Island to learn whether the coal from there has the alleged percentage of carbon, and we should be no wiser if we went. We are not accountants; we must take for granted as true the assertion that the output or turnover was such-and-such, and the reserve fund is so-and-so. No one questions all this, so far as direct positive averments are concerned. But according to the casuists of the City, your duty ends there; if you do less, you may have to refund, or to pay damages; if you do more, you are a simpleton. And so it is said openly, even by respectable people, that there is nothing morally blamable, far less legally objectionable, in permitting as director to be circulated in the name of the company statements which you do not know to be true, or which you have taken no pains to verify. Molina, Escobar, and the other authorities whom Pascal scourged, drew the same distinctions as do the casuists of the City. Active deceit is bad; passive connivance at it is business. There is the cleverly drafted, skilfully baited prospectus; no one can lay a finger upon a phrase therein personally pledging anyone concerned in issuing it. It is Jorkins in the City who made the calculations; it is a mining agent in Senegambia who is responsible for the analysis of the ore; and anybody who cares to inspect contracts, more or less intelligible, and to consort with Indians and snakes, and visit a spot three days' journey from any habitation, may find out the facts for himself. Everyone knows that there will be no such examination. Subscriptions will be made solely on the strength of the names of the directors or promoters. They are the bait, and they know it. Limited liability as to capital is excellent; but the new theory of limited liability in morals—the notion that you pledge your character as well as your means only for a small uncalled amount, that your liabilities, ethical and pecuniary, are confined to the *expressio falsi*, and do not extend to a *suppressio veri*, that you contract to contribute £1 a share, and a correspondingly limited quantum of honesty—is a hideous excrescence on joint-stock enterprise. The limited liability as to good faith is the complement instead of the contradiction of limited liability as to shares. And this principle will justify all that has ever been done, and much more, in favour of shareholders. When the promoter first appeared, the common law doctrines as to agency and the equity doctrines as to trusts were found inadequate; they had been formed to repress coarser, less circuitous frauds; slippery rogues escaped them. The famous 38th section of the Companies Act of 1867 was passed to reach some favourite devices, and not without effect. It is now proposed to go a step further, and to imply in prospectuses and warrants that the directors acted with good faith and took reasonable steps to verify the truth of statements in prospectuses. Why not? Every man assumes that they have done so; every director knows it is so assumed. "But it will keep many careful respectable people away from enterprises in which their presence would do good." It may; a heightened sense of responsibility on the subject is one of the desirable changes. The fact is, the law, which is in advance of the morality of certain commercial classes, lies far behind that of really scrupulous people. They try and judge, by a standard not yet recognised in Courts, conduct which is not uncommon. We have no right to direct our remarks, in any way, towards the controversies that have arisen out of the floating of Allsopp & Co. Lord Hindlip and his friends deny totally the charges made against them, and refer their accusers to the report of the committee of investigation. For us it is enough at present that the matter is the subject of litigation. But the controversy manifests great diversity of views as to the duties of promoters, and we do not doubt that many honourable men will readily accept the responsibility which

the Directors' Liability Bill will impose upon them. The only persons likely to resent very much the proposed change will be those who have been led to believe that, somehow or other, the Companies Acts absolve people, within certain limits, from observing the ordinary rules of morality, that "limited" means limited capital, limited veracity, limited honesty, limited diligence, limited good faith. For them the machinery of the Companies Acts is a sort of screen hiding from them the duties which as between man and man they would readily recognise. So as directors they do unblushingly what they would scorn to sanction as private individuals. Mr. Warmington's Bill says that, while corporations may have no consciences, their directors ought to have. Will the House of Lords deny this, and reject or mutilate the measure?

"FREE RUSSIA."

THE "Society of Friends of Russian Freedom" have taken a wise step in the establishment of a monthly journal for the education of public opinion in the domestic policy of Russia. The enterprise is surrounded by exceptional difficulties. We are not directly interested in the Czar's administration as we are in that of the Sultan. Englishmen have not been made responsible by treaty for the good government of the Russian people. Moreover, the acts of the Terrorist Party in Russia have chilled the sympathy of men who cannot all at once grasp the social and political conditions which make Nihilism the logical outcome of administrative tyranny. There is a disposition to agree with Prince Bismarck, who lately declared that the whole party of reform in Russia were sanguinary anarchists to whom no concession could safely be made. It would have been unwise, therefore, to attempt to rouse popular feeling in this country by public meetings, which might have been treated by the Government as part and parcel of a domestic intrigue. Further, an agitation cannot be carried on in that form until a great body of facts has gripped the national imagination, and until the organisers have made up their minds what they wish their rulers to do. In these circumstances Dr. Spence Watson and his colleagues have devoted themselves to the sensible task of instructing their countrymen in the history of Russian despotism. The cause of the Russian exiles, says Dr. Watson, "is one which should appeal strongly to the people to whom Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, and many another patriot of foreign name, are familiar as household words, and beloved as more than national heroes." That is the language of the enthusiast, but *Free Russia* is not written in that language alone. It is the chief business of this journal to supply details of Russian administration, which are sustained by convincing testimony. It may or may not be true that another plot against the life of the Czar has been discovered, that his palace has been undermined, that a threatening letter was recently laid on his very table. These things come and go in the telegrams of the hour, and are forgotten. The average English reader takes them for granted; they are the regular news from Russia, and he probably has no more idea about them than a vague presumption that the Nihilists are a bad lot. But let us see the whole working of the machinery which produces these disturbances of the normal current of European civilisation. Let us see what it is which makes politics in Russia a struggle between an iron autocracy and aspirations that are driven into crime by sheer barbarity. Let us see why the first thought of the Russian police was to have Madame Tzebrikova "examined by lunacy doctors" for no better reason than that she had written a letter of eloquent expostulation to the Czar.

What has become of this intrepid lady nobody actually knows. But the Czar cannot lay the flattering unction to his soul that her madness and not his trespass speaks. "Your advisers," wrote Madame Tzebrikova, "prompt you with a

policy in the spirit of Nicholas I., simply because a progressive policy is dangerous to the absolute power of Ministers and officials, who find secrecy and despotism to their advantage." Here is an illustration of this practice. "For one incautious word—for a few pages of 'underground' literature (often taken up out of mere curiosity), a lad—a child—is a political offender. There have been political prisoners, children of fifteen—even of fourteen years old—in solitary confinement. The Government that rules over one hundred millions is afraid even of children." It is also afraid of women. Madame Tzebrikova has disappeared from civilised ken. Her statement was published to all the world. This was the answer of the Czar. Other Russian ladies have been even less fortunate than Madame Tzebrikova. The editor of *Free Russia* has collected and collated the evidence as to the massacre at Yakutsk. At first the Russian officials denied the whole story. Then they explained that the massacre was due to the establishment of a revolutionary printing-press which the exiles defended in arms. When the manifold absurdities of this narrative were exposed, we had, finally, the version of a high official at St. Petersburg, who threw over the fiction about the printing-press, and said the exiles were massacred because they objected to the regulations of their journey. They objected to the official stupidity which exposed them to the risk of being frozen to death, and so they were shot, or bayoneted, or hanged instead. One of them was a woman who was ripped up by the soldiers. It is idle to throw doubt on this evidence now. It is idle to deny that the ruffian who ordered the massacre was promoted for his fidelity to the Czar. It is equally idle to question that Madame Sihida was flogged to death at Kara, that women who were her fellow-prisoners tried to starve themselves, as a protest against this outrage, and that thirty men and three women took poison for the same reason. The evidence, methodically set forth in *Free Russia*, is overwhelming. Mr. George Kennan, who went to Siberia strongly prejudiced against the Nihilists, who has studied the whole administrative system in that country, and whose indictment of Russian rule no agent of the Czar has ventured to dispute, has sifted the whole body of testimony. The letters of the exiles who survived the massacre only to suffer on the gallows, and one of whom was so badly wounded that, when the halter was put round his neck, his bed had to be pulled from under him, are full of pathetic sincerity.

It cannot be pretended that these facts are made to serve any purpose of Russophobia. We are asked to sympathise with the Russian people, and not to generate any sentiment of hostility to the Russian Empire. A system which causes these horrors is obnoxious to every friend of humanity, whatever may be his political principles. As for the assumption that the Czar is compelled to repress Nihilism in the interests of society, it is contradicted by the fact that the great object of the whole revolutionary party in Russia is the establishment of a National Assembly. Pedants may quibble over the question whether the Russians are fit for free institutions. We know that the stereotyped answer to the indignant protests of Europe against official brutality is, that free speech and free writing are very well for Western nations, but unsuitable to the Russian people. This merely means that a National Assembly would be inconvenient to the Czar's advisers. It might even open his eyes to the savagery of the administration over which he reigns in stolid seclusion, and convince him that free speech is better for Russia than flogging women. Come what may, let every effort be made to organise that foreign opinion which is dreaded by the Russian authorities as much as dynamite, and to show that Englishmen, while they have no approval for terrorism, whether official or revolutionary, have a deep sympathy with the cause of Russian liberty, and a warm admiration for the heroic self-devotion by which its martyrs are inspired.

BISMARCK AND HIS EMPEROR.

BISMARCK is the creator of a force in Germany that was dreamed of, but never created, before his day—I mean the force of a manufactured public opinion. Before he became Prime Minister, papers had struggled along under more or less stringent press regulations; had never received any assistance worth mentioning from Government; but on the other hand had been treated with indiscriminate justice. With the Bismarckian era, however, whose high noon is included between the years 1871 and 1890, the office of the Prime Minister became one in which official news was sold to the highest bidder; not that anything so vulgar as money passed over the Bismarckian counters, for his office had far more valuable rewards.

A press bureau was organised in the Wilhelm Strasse, in which were clever journalists charged with the duty of watching the manifestation of public opinion in the papers. These men were from day to day provided with a certain amount of official information, or directed to write articles supporting certain views, all of which was afterwards to be distributed to the papers that appeared to stand most in need of official "coaching."

Such papers as accepted the Bismarckian "tips" were rewarded by receiving occasionally an item of news that assisted their circulation; those, on the other hand, that declined to suspend their own judgment in favour of the Government bureau were not merely prevented from getting any press privileges from the Chancellor, but were watched with particular care for a convenient moment for the police to make inquisitorial raids upon the editorial office, carry away suspected material, and hold an editor or two for trial.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that newspapers sprang into existence all over Germany, each vying with the other in adulation of Bismarck, and each correspondingly savage against everything supposed to be against him. In these papers every opponent of a Government measure was held up to public contempt as lacking patriotism; and the bitterness with which this, that, or the other opponent of the great Chancellor has been successively attacked or defended, has been equalled only by the startling unanimity with which his papers have united for the purpose.

If Bismarck wished to blacken the reputation of a von Bunsen or a Morier he had but to give the hint to his chief of the newspaper department, and every paper in the fatherland, at least such as were on his good behaviour lists, entered upon the crusade with a vigour that had all the appearance of spontaneity; and so exclusively did Bismarck control all news worth having, that such papers as did not find it convenient to join his party, found themselves at a great disadvantage in their competition with rival publications.

Bismarck has edited himself the German press for the last generation—more than that, he has edited a small library of biographies about himself; all of which have carefully suppressed what might displease him, and raised into high relief the qualities which he prefers dwelt upon. No man of modern times, not even the great Napoleon, has so successfully created an apparently spontaneous testimony to his own greatness as Bismarck has done; and it will be long before the material can be gathered to prove the untrustworthiness of much that has emanated from this inspired source.

William II. has helped us to a juster appreciation of his former Minister by dismissing him from office; or, to be more accurate, by offering him the alternative of either recognising the Emperor as head of the State or resigning. Such as know the young Emperor intimately, know that he will allow no one to relegate him to the position formerly occupied by the Mikados of Japan. William the Venerable had never thwarted Bismarck, and Frederick III. had been too feeble in body to risk the resignation of one who knew the details of the Government so well. There is no reason to doubt,

however, that had Frederick regained his health the first effect of renewed life would have been the dismissal of Bismarck.

It is not generally known that one of the first acts of the late Emperor Frederick was to propose the decoration of five of his personal friends, gentlemen of high consideration in Germany, who had distinguished themselves by public spirit and devotion to his interests.

Three of these names Bismarck declined to recognise as proper for decoration; and when the Emperor attempted to insist upon it, the Chancellor threatened to resign. There was no objection to any of these gentlemen except that they were not in sympathy with Bismarck in connection with some of his Bills. Had they been of feeble intellect, of dissolute life, of alien race or religion, these considerations might have been properly urged, and if they had been ignored a Minister resigning for the purpose of vindicating his fidelity to principle would have figured as a hero. In the case cited, however, no reason for resigning was given, except that he resented anyone's appearing to be in favour with the Sovereign who was not equally in favour with himself.

That William II. would put up with Bismarck's pretensions beyond a certain point was never expected by those who know the stuff of which he is composed; but few thought that Bismarck himself would play so recklessly what is called in America a "game of bluff." Bismarck was very anxious to have his own way as Minister, but was more anxious still to remain in office. He set all at stake, and lost all. The difference between him and his Emperor is not traceable to any one thing, but results from a gradual realisation on the Emperor's part that his minister was not, and never would be, contented, unless allowed to have, in everything, his own way. The Emperor, according to Bismarck, is to write his name in the place designated by his Minister, but should not bother his head by inaugurating or developing legislation. This theory of Ministerial prerogative, be it understood, has nothing of precedent to fortify it in Germany, the Imperial constitution being of but yesterday's creation and its creator assuming all the responsibilities of interpreting its provisions distinctly *ab ovo*.

The greatness of Bismarck has now an opportunity to display itself. For thirty years he has led the people to believe that the State was safe only while he was at the helm; he has been lauded in the press to a degree that would have gratified even a Byzantine ruler; he has produced throughout Germany a spirit that tolerated only the idea of one party—the party of Bismarck; all others were roughly styled "Reichsfeinde," enemies of their country. The man who has done all this is turned away by an Emperor whose grandfather had trusted him with everything in the State except the politics of the barrack yard. Surely this was the time when we might have looked for some sign of universal regret. We should have seen petition following petition to the throne, beseeching an inexperienced monarch to recall the great patriot who, from his own accounts, has alone been responsible for the greatness of the country. But none of these things occurred. The press that he had trained in servility was more anxious to twit its late tyrant than to give offence to his successor; the Parliamentary fractions—I cannot dignify them by the name of political parties—had been coaxed and bullied in turn, until each had realised that what their Chancellor wanted of them was not convictions, but votes; the people at large admired him because of his apparent invincibility, but when that was taken from him by a stroke of the pen, they were as confused as a West Indian Voodoo worshipper whose priest has been insulted with impunity.

The word Bismarckian has passed into political language, along with many another convenient term of modern times—such as bulldoze, boycott, and logroll. The term will survive long after the death of the man who gave it currency, as a more dignified way of expressing what in New York city is understood by "practical politics" as contradistinguished from statesmanship. When Cleveland, as President of the United

States, published his famous message combating Protection as a fiscal system, he earned the contempt of every "practical politician" from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence, though deserving the respect of those who prefer to retire from public life for a time rather than hold office merely for the sake of the place. Bismarck has left in hopeless bewilderment those of his admirers in the Reichstag who have in the past voted for him through thick and thin. Their fallen idol has left them no clue by which they may walk in his ways. They have no programme, no ideas to advance that can be broadly formulated as belonging to them; and, what is more pitiable still, Bismarck leaves his Emperor to discover that the Bismarckian system of government has resulted in producing a Cabinet of clerks, not one of whom is fit to be his successor. Bismarckism is discovered to have involved the suppression of every one aspiring to be more than a tool of Bismarck.

The Emperor has discovered many things about his late Minister that have given him occasion to modify the admiration for him which he entertained when taking lessons from him as a boy. He may now congratulate himself that these discoveries have been made while he is enjoying robust health, elasticity of spirits, and general popularity.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE National Physical Recreation Society—known in the gymnastic world as the N.P.R.S.—has already introduced itself to the public of London by means of the entertainment it gave nightly during Whit-week in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Following the example of the Military Tournament, it is proposed to make the event an annual institution. A Society which works on a wide scale quietly, and which at the same time depends on the public for its support, sooner or later has to give an account of its stewardship, explain its methods, and detail the results of its work.

The N.P.R.S. was founded in April, 1886, upon a scheme thought out and practically tried by Mr. Alexander, the director of the admirable Liverpool Gymnasium, and it speedily received the approval and support of many of the best known athletes of the day. The generous financial help, or active personal co-operation of the Duke of Westminster, Lord Charles Beresford, Colonel Onslow, Lord Kinnaird, General Hammersley, Lord Wolseley, Colonel Fox, Mr. T. H. Pelham, and many others, have practically from the first assured success. Its sphere of work is continually increasing, and consequently also the demand upon its resources. The displays at Islington were organised in order to give a practical demonstration of the objects of the Society, the material with which it works, the results already achieved, and upon this demonstration to appeal to its master, the public, for renewed and increased financial and moral support.

Only an outline can be given here of the aims and constitution of the Society. The central object is to promote physical recreation among the working classes by voluntary effort. The organisation of this voluntary effort was the essential condition for success. We communicated with all the chief gymnasia in the country, and asked that they should be affiliated to the Society on a give and take principle. On the one side the Society undertook to give valuable prizes for annual competition, and certificates of merit to those distinguishing themselves in its work; and on the other the affiliated gymnasia were to send out their most competent men to form gymnastic classes, give voluntary tuition in clubs, associations, and public institutions, and, in short, in their own neighbourhoods to promote physical recreation among the people wherever it was most needed. Many difficulties have been met with, and some still exist, in the practical working of this scheme. Local jealousies and suspicions, and the

special difficulty in drawing the line between purely voluntary work and that into which the paid professional element enters, have been inevitable drawbacks, but on the whole the plan has worked very well and has led to much practical good. The Society gives one two-hundred guinea shield for competition among the leading gymnasia, and ten smaller shields. Six of these are "district" shields to be competed for by various institutions and smaller gymnasia mostly organised and instructed by volunteer instructors from the larger gymnastic societies; one goes to the public schools; one to the volunteers in the North of England; one to the Rounders Association, which includes many thousands of members; and the tenth was competed for by several football teams at the Agricultural Hall.

The competitions are keenly contested, and there is a steady demand for more shields and more instructors as the Society grows. Admirable work is done by hundreds of young men who give up during the winter months several nights every week to the training of those who have had fewest opportunities for physical exercise, and who, consequently, are most in need of it. In London we have over sixty affiliated societies; in and about Liverpool over forty; and our work is being pushed forward in most of the other large towns in England, as well as in Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. The good effects of this are obvious. Valuable physical training is given, and places of recreation are offered as alternatives to the public-houses. Lads and young men growing accustomed out of work hours to an undisciplined life in the streets with hardly an opportunity for a harmless discharge of superfluous steam, are in some degree reclaimed. Or at least they are brought under better influences, while the necessary and occasionally summary discipline of a gymnasium gives them a valuable lesson, which, to do them justice, most are very willing, and even glad, to learn. The main object of the Society being, as already stated, to promote the physical recreation of the working classes, it inevitably follows that it is our direct interest to encourage physical exercise in all directions, whether in the way of promotion or control. We look for the bulk of our voluntary instructors to the well-to-do classes. We have to work through them for the mass of people less favourably situated. Consequently we lose no opportunity of enlisting the practical sympathies of all ranks and degrees in the athletic world. In this way the basis of the Society is widened, and a position and authority gained which may be used with advantage in checking abuses which sometimes disgrace athletics, and in helping to promote a manly and generous spirit in the various branches of British games and sports. But we are also pledged to encourage legislation for the provision of physical recreation and training in the public elementary schools. The striking physical superiority of the rich and well-to-do over the artisan and labouring classes of the large towns is a known fact, which is not to be accounted for by superior diet alone. It is in the main due to the unhealthy employments to which masses of lads and young men of weak and neglected frames and constitutions are at once doomed. And it can be readily shown that a young fellow with some inches added to his chest measurement, with the sense of vigour and pleasure in living which follow physical health and strength, with a manlier spirit and a widened range of interests, is infinitely better qualified to stand up against the dangers of those employments which are debilitating and unhealthy than the physically weak lads who have never known the exhilaration of true health and strength. Needless to say we are equally ready to encourage physical recreation for girls. We believe we are doing a national work, not less thoroughly because we have done it quietly. The Prince of Wales has generously given us every encouragement after seeing for himself practical evidence of our objects and methods. And we are disposed to think that if those who take an interest in the health and strength of the nation will follow the example of His Royal Highness, and learn what we are doing and can do, they will give us an ungrudging support.

HERBERT J. GLADSTONE.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

FOR an author to fare better dead than alive is good proof of his literary vivacity and charm. The rare merit of Hazlitt's writing was recognised in his lifetime by good judges, but his fame was obscured by the unpopularity of many of his opinions, and the venom he was too apt to instil into his personal reminiscences. He was not a safe man to confide in. He had a forked crest which he sometimes lifted. Because they both wrote essays and were fond of the Elizabethans it became the fashion to link Hazlitt's name with Lamb's. To be compared with the incomparable is hard fortune. Hazlitt suffered by the comparison, and consequently his admirers, usually in those early days men of keen wits and sharp tongues, grew angry, and infused into their just eulogiums too much of Hazlitt's personal bitterness, and too little of his wide literary sympathies.

But this period of obscurity is now over. No really good thing once come into existence and remaining so is ever lost to the world. This is most comfortable doctrine, and true besides. In the long run the world's taste is infallible. All it requires is time. How easy it is to give it that! Is substantial injustice at this moment done to a single English writer of prose or verse who died prior to the 1st of January, 1801? Is there a single bad author of this same class who is now read? Both questions may be truthfully answered by a joyful shout of, No! This fact ought to make the most unpopular of living authors the sweetest-tempered of men. The sight of your rival clinging to the cob he has purchased and maintains out of the profits of the trashiest of novels should be pleasant owing to the reflection that both rival and cob are trotting to the same pit of oblivion.

But humorous as is the prospect of the coming occultation of personally disagreeable authors, the final establishment of the fame of a dead one is a nobler spectacle.

William Hazlitt had to take a thrashing from life. He took it standing up like a man, not lying down like a cur; but take it he had to do. He died on the 18th of September, 1830, tired out, discomfited, defeated. Nobody reviewing the facts of his life can say that it was well spent. There is nothing in it of encouragement. He reaped what he sowed, and it proved a sorry harvest. When he lay dying he wanted his mother brought to his side, but she was at a great distance, and eighty-four years of age, and could not come. Carlyle in his old age, grim, worn, and scornful, said once, sorrowfully enough, "What I want is a mother." It is indeed an excellent relationship.

But though Hazlitt got the worst of it in his personal encounter with the universe, he nevertheless managed to fling down before he died what will suffice to keep his name alive. You cannot kill merit. We are all too busily engaged struggling with dullness, our own and other people's, and with *ennui*; we are far too much surrounded by would-be wits and abortive thinkers ever to forget what a weapon against boredom lies to our hand in the works of Hazlitt, who is as refreshing as cold water, as grateful as shade.

His great charm consists in his hearty reality. Life may be a game, and all its enjoyments counters, but Hazlitt, as we find him in his writings—and there is now no need to look for him anywhere else—played the game and dealt out the counters like a man bent on winning. He cared greatly about many things. His admiration was not extravagant, but his force is great; in fact, one may say of him as he said of John Cavanagh, the famous fives player, "His service was tremendous." Indeed, Hazlitt's whole description of Cavanagh's play reminds one of his own literary method:—

"His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution. He had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to shew off an attitude or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than anyone else could even affect to do. His blows were not undecided and ineffectual, lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it

like Mr. Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor let balls like the *Edinburgh Review*."

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Brougham, Canning! was ever a fives player so described before? What splendid reading it makes! but we quote it for the purpose of applying its sense to Hazlitt himself. As Cavanagh played, so Hazlitt wrote.

He is always interesting, and always writes about really interesting things. His talk is of poets and players, of Shakespeare and Kean, of Fielding and Scott, of Burke and Cobbett, of prize fights and Indian jugglers. When he condescends to the abstract, his subjects bring an appetite with them. The Shyness of Scholars, the Fear of Death, the Identity of an Author with his Books, Effeminacy of Character, The Conversation of Lords, On Reading New Books: the very titles make you lick your lips.

Hazlitt may have been an unhappy man, but he was above the vile affectation of pretending to see nothing in life. Had he not seen Mrs. Siddons, had he not read Rousseau, had he not worshipped Titian in the Louvre?

No English writer better pays the debt of gratitude always owing to great poets, painters, and authors than Hazlitt; but his is a manly, not a maudlin gratitude. No other writer has such gusto as he. The glowing passage in which he describes Titian's St. Peter Martyr almost recalls the canvas uninjured from the flames which have since destroyed it. We seem to see the landscape background, "with that cold convent spire rising in the distance amidst the blue sapphire mountains and the golden sky." His essay on Sir Walter Scott and the "Waverley Novels" is the very best that has ever been written on that magnificent subject.

As a companion at the Feast of Wits, commend us to Hazlitt, and as a companion for a fortnight's holiday commend us to the admirable selection recently made from his works, which are numerous—some twenty volumes—by Mr. Ireland, and published at a cheap price by Messrs. F. Warne and Co. The task of selection is usually a thankless one. It involves of necessity omission, and frequently curtailment. It is annoying to look in vain for some favourite passage, and your annoyance prompts the criticism that a really sound judgment would have made room for what you miss. We lodge no complaint against Mr. Ireland. Like a wise man, he has allowed himself ample space, and he has compiled a volume of 510 closely though well-printed pages, which has only to be read in order to make the reader well acquainted with an author whom not to know is a severe mental deprivation.

Mr. Ireland's book is a library in itself, and a marvellous tribute to the genius of his author. It seems almost incredible that one man should have said so many good things. It is true he does not go very deep as a critic, he does not see into the soul of the matter as Lamb and Coleridge occasionally do—but he holds you very tight—he grasps the subject, he enjoys it himself and makes you do so. Perhaps he does say too many good things. His sparkling sentences follow so quickly one upon another that the reader's appreciation soon becomes a breathless appreciation. There is something almost uncanny in such sustained cleverness. This impression, however, must not be allowed to remain as a final impression. In Hazlitt the reader will find trains of sober thought pursued with deep feeling and melancholy. Turn to the essays "On Living to One's Self," "On Going a Journey," "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth," and read them over again. When you have done so you will be indisposed to consider their author as a mere sayer of good things. He was much more than that. One smiles when, on reading the first Lord Lytton's "Thoughts on the Genius of Hazlitt," the author of "Eugene Aram" is found declaring that Hazlitt "had a keen sense of the Beautiful and the Subtle; and what is more, he was deeply imbued with sympathies for the Humane;" but when Lord Lytton proceeds, "Posterity will do him justice," we cease to smile, and handling Mr. Ireland's book, observe with deep satisfaction, "It has."

ST. DAVID'S.

THE busy man of affairs who flies across the Channel for how-ever brief a holiday Providence may throw to him, has much to say for his fashion. It is the man of leisure who taunts him with his ignorance of his own country and his unpatriotic ways of wandering; the working man knows, or instinctively feels, that the one thing needful for him at a moment of relaxation is change—above all things change. To unbend his bow is not enough; he must have a new industry. Ever active, his mind languishes if all stimulants are withdrawn; he asks for fresh impressions. A new language, a new people, new ways of life, strange traditions, and even strange politics are his recreation. He would have a new sun in a new sky if possible; but, if he cannot reach Tangier or Damascus, he will flit to Brittany, Holland, or the Hague. Let it be known, therefore, that without crossing the sea, and within eight hours of Paddington, he can lose himself in a new country, among a new people, and in a strange language; and may find therein things to interest him as deeply as he would be interested abroad.

A few weeks ago the present writer found such a holiday on the wild coast of Pembrokeshire, a district which he by no means claims to have discovered, but the interest of which may be insufficiently known.

The towns of Wales which are passed on the railway to Haverfordwest have no special interest for the "uncommercial traveller." They are prosperous and commonplace at best. Haverfordwest is, however, more picturesque, and the great keep of the Norman castle, its only remnant, which stands on a rock above the river, marks the outposts of a military rule now happily forgotten, and of a system of government as extinct, at any rate on this side of the water, as the castle itself.

Yet on stepping out of the train we find the distinction of races as well marked as it was in the twelfth century. We have left the industrial towns of Wales behind us, and have entered rural Wales, whose ancient inhabitants seem to have transmitted their characters to their descendants almost unchanged to this day. We hear around us not only a foreign tongue, but a tongue which to the Englishman sounds utterly strange, and the aspect of the natives is as distinctive as their speech. We see for the most part a small people, of gentle and somewhat sad voice, manner, and appearance, and of darker complexion than ourselves, who converse in a language of which no word is intelligible. As we listen, we surmise that the very inflections must be widely different from our own, as we get no perception of that affinity of tongue which we receive, let us say, from the speech of Scandinavian or even of German people. It is as far from our own as are the Romance languages, and much less familiar.

While we are waiting in the market-place for our carriage these distinctions impress us more and more forcibly. On closer observation we see that the darker complexion of which we spoke is not extreme in hue, but on the other hand is very uniform. The people resemble each other far more than in England, and show thus obviously the greater purity of their race. The hair is rather "mousey" than black, and indeed often runs up into the lighter shades of brown, and the eyes vary between the fuller and the lighter tints of hazel. Here and there, indeed, is turned upon us in more or less of its full beauty, that liquid grey eye with long darker eyelashes which so often charms us in the Irish, and which is, surely, the most lovely eye given to man to behold. Hair really black, and the so-called "black" eye, are rarely seen in Wales, and when seen mark another and still older race.

As we drive to St. David's we see two other kinds of people. The squat strongly built West Saxon, with his light complexion, and his cheery good-natured but ugly countenance, is of course not uncommon. We see him with no surprise, for not only is he a near neighbour, but on our map, among the Llanrithans,

Croesgochs, Trefrans, Abergwaens, Car Havods, and the like, we had seen the Keestons, Clarbrestons, Rudbaxtons, Thorntons, and Waltons, and were prepared for their townfolk. Far more striking is the less common vision of the Scandinavian type. The tall figure, frank mien, abundant flaxen hair, carmine cheek, and eye bright blue as the sky—the eye of Watts' "Little Red Riding Hood" at the Grosvenor Gallery—betray the Norseman here as evidently as they do at Havre. A grand embattled coast, this of Pembroke, and treacherous enough for the sea-kings; but we met few of the breed, and saw few such names on the map as Dale Point and Haking. Neither tree nor hedgerow can live under the Atlantic gales, but we have some compensation in the flowers of the banks themselves. These lesser gifts of nature, nestled away below the bite of the blast, grow and bloom abundantly; while the few thorn-brakes which exist above the shelter are driven like flames from the west, and the very gorse itself is carved into round cushions by the wind. It is the grandeur of the sea and sky and the spacious air which make the beauty and the power of these countries; and after many a sharp descent with grinding brake into hollow combs, and many a labouring climb up the sides of them, we suddenly turn to the left and see the vast expanse of the noble bay of St. Bride stretched out before us. The sun is veiled with thin cloud, and the water cold as steel. Long rollers, dressed like the lines of a battalion, are breaking in succession upon the shingle. The northern arm of the bay lies immediately before us, the coast falling to the slate cliffs in varied slopes and dips broken into shades of olive-green and brown like a Cumberland fell. The southern arm sweeps away far to our left in a magnificent curve of cliffs to Wooltack Point and beyond it again to the rocky islets of Skomer, the Bishop and the Twelve Clerks, whose greyish azure walls in the distance almost melt into the sky. As we leave the little inn on the shore, where the horses bait, and breast the hill again, the line of sight rises, and the great waters take a deeper blue, until we turn the headland, where above us a group of mountain sheep are standing motionless against the sky.

A few miles more and we dash into a primitive village, catch sight of a graceful market cross upon a pyramid of steps, swerve to the right and draw up at a little villa, the principal hotel of the City of St. David's. We hasten to the bay-window of our pleasant sitting-room for the first view of the Cathedral, and of the ruins of the great Palace. Wonderingly we look out upon empty land and sky! Now the St. David's Head of our dreams had been the English Sunium—a rocky promontory crowned with the columns and towers of an antique temple, salt and storm-beaten as the gables and arches of St. Hilda at Whitby. Yet we see nothing but land and sea! We ask no questions, and set off to walk two miles to the very Point; we turn into the whitewashed "City," and there peeping up amid the roofs, but yet below them, appear eight turret-like pinnacles of quaint design joined together by an open parapet. We keep the summit of the tower in view, as we go down the way, until we reach the edge of a deep combe, and passing under a noble gate tower, we stand at the top of a broad flight of steps, and there, in the hollow where sycamores grow, are revealed the great tower and the noble church, the ruined arcades of the Palace and the shattered relics of capitular and collegiate buildings. The site reminded us of that of the very different foundation of Furness, the two churches being alike in their seaward home, nestling where a few trees can flourish below the winds, with a clear and rapid mountain stream hard by. Widely different, indeed, was the scene from our anticipations, but no less beautiful. Many sunny hours we spent in this fascinating retreat, wandering about it rather than within the great cold church itself. For our time the smooth hand of the restorer is too manifest. As we looked at the west front we wondered whether, after us, eating Time would chase these insipid surfaces of wall and turret and enamel them with grey and golden lichens, scattering tufts of spleenwort in the joints of the masonry as on the old College tower beside them. If so, then some day perhaps even the corbel

of the new south porch, on our right as we enter the church, now cut in the counterfeit of a smug modern gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers, may be tempered to a mellower type of humanity. Still but for the restorer the great tower, like all Norman towers, would have been in the dust, and the church itself in decay, and we must be thankful that the features of a scene which is unique in the world are preserved to our children.

The day following we walked to the Head, reaching it by way of the most delightful of all paths, surely, one of those which wind on a sheltered track along cliffs by the sea. Here grow all the plants which love the salt air. The banks are aglow with white and red campion, with rampion oxeye and cornflower, with ragged robin, great tufts of thrift, and scattered bells of the greater convolvulus, delicate as an exotic in tint and grace; the old walls are decked with the pearly spires of the pennywort, and with the briar rose turned creeper to shun the wind, so that it covers the ridges with pink shell-like blooms set close like the mountain avens, and startles the passer-by with the sense of a new discovery. As we come out upon the cape, the sea below us is darkened by a heavy cloud to near the horizon where the silver light of its lining is shed forth upon sky and sea, making them one realm, within which is lifted up the Bishop Rock with its lighthouse, a castle of the air. Beside us a lonely shepherd, gentle and sad as the rest of his kin, in his broken English asks leave to show us the camps and the cromlechs, the cave-dwellings and the circles of his forefathers.

AN EXPLORER'S LETTER.

" . . . YET in the midst of all this excitement and danger, my dear Emin, I often think of you, and of the peaceful days we had together in Central Africa. What a change from the comparatively leisurely life in the great forest, when one's days ticked themselves away as placidly as a clock, to the anxieties, the sudden alarms, the constant tragedies of this darkest London. I think I can say with truth that during the last two months I have gone through more than ever before in my life, and of course, it has told on me. Stairs and the others, however, stick to me right bravely. As Nelson said to me lately in a moment of extreme peril, 'You introduced us everywhere on our holiday, and now, in your hour of need, we would be cowards to desert you.' Poor Nelson! he bears up wonderfully, but the iron frame that entered Zanzibar a few short months ago is now somewhat broken, and his worn face goes to my heart. It is ever saying to me—though he never grumbles—'Ah, that I were back once more in the calm of Starvation Camp.' Only yesterday, Parke, whose condition causes me serious uneasiness, said, 'Do you remember, Nelson, that when you were in Starvation Camp you wanted to be out of it?' Nelson tried to laugh, but the laugh was very much like a sigh. Poor young fellows! they are at last learning what experience taught me long ago, that a man seldom knows when he is well off. Nevertheless, we are not complaining. To some extent at least we knew what was before us when we set out for England, and we shall go on till we fall.

"It would only make you anxious, my dear Emin, about my welfare were I to tell you in detail of the dangers to which one's life is exposed in London every hour of the day. It is only after living in the quietness of Africa for a few years and then returning home that the Englishman realises how exciting is his daily life. I am not going too far when I say that every time a man sets out for his place of business in this roaring city or for a stroll to the end of the street in which he is encamped he carries his life in his hand. Ay, Emin, and carries it loosely. Fatal accidents occur every day—men are run over, or fall from windows, or die suddenly of over-excitement in business matters, and so used have the people become to this that they scarcely give it a thought. The body is removed, and traffic is

not delayed for more than a minute. To us fresh from Africa this is wonderful. We remember that in a native village there was quite a commotion if one man merely stabbed another in the ribs.

"The danger of the streets is, indeed, terrible. The first day after our arrival I set out with Stairs, Parke, Jephson, and Bonny, for Piccadilly Circus, the fame of which has spread round the globe. We went on foot. I have forgotten to say that the boy whom I brought from Zanzibar was with us. The little fellow had frequently heard me speak of the crossing of Piccadilly Circus, and Jephson, I think, had told him that thousands of persons accomplished it in safety daily. My pen is quite unequal to describing this impressive and really memorable scene. Swollen tributaries pour into Piccadilly Circus from north, south, east, and west, and so crowded are they with craft of various kind—hansoms, four-wheelers, vans, 'buses captured by the most domineering leaders it has ever been my lot to negotiate with—that one cannot see the street for vehicles. While my Zanzibar boy held my hand and cried, being quite unnerved by the sight, we looked on with awe at hundreds of Londoners plunging into the maze, in the forlorn hope of reaching the other side. Whether any of them succeeded we could not tell; they were immediately swallowed up so far as we could see. I need not tell you, Emin, that had it been absolutely necessary for me to cross this place, I would have flung myself into it, and either reached the other side, or died hard. But I had no such inducement, and I was therefore content to look on. Not so Parke and the others, however. It appears that over their pipes in Africa of an evening, they had often boasted to the caravan of doing the passage of Piccadilly Circus, but now that it was before them they were appalled. To add to their confusion, the Zanzibar boy, still gripping my hand, asked with the curiosity of youth why they stood looking at the Circus so long before crossing it. Now I do not doubt for a moment that, in their old London days, when they lived in and had got used to this atmosphere of danger, they really did do Piccadilly Circus. But for more than three years they had been in tranquil Africa, where they were exposed to no peril greater than savage animals or an occasional poisoned arrow. In short, they were out of practice, and to attempt the Circus was foolhardy. I have to add that, goaded by the Zanzibar boy, Jephson did at last plunge into the maelstrom, and that Parke, with his usual enthusiasm, jumped after him, with his surgical instruments in his hands. The last we saw of them, Parke had climbed with extraordinary agility up a 'bus, which bore him off to the south, while Jephson was racing gallantly eastward pursued by a hansom cab. Parke turned up later in the evening, and Jephson on the following day.

"Since writing the above, yesterday, I have travelled four hundred miles, eaten seven dinners, made seven speeches, and received the freedoms of seven cities. This house which I have taken is proving too small to hold all my possessions, and I have had to send the freedoms to a place where they store furniture. If you would care to have a few freedoms, I shall have a boxful forwarded to you. You will readily understand that after our comparatively leisurely method of travelling in Africa this furious rushing about exhausts us terribly. Parke says that seven dinners in a day are too many, and that no one accustomed to simple living can stand them. While on the subject of food I may mention that the cases of starvation which came under my cognisance in Africa were few and trivial compared to the thousands of which we hear in England. In Africa men were quite distressed if a carrier died of want of the necessities of life, but that is so common in London that it awakens less interest than the wag of a dog's tail. Everything considered, Emin, I think you were quite right to remain in Africa. You have been there so many years, and have grown so used to the jog-trot of the life, that in this whirl of existence you would probably have lost your head. Your poor eyesight, too, which does not so much matter in eventless Africa,

where sudden dangers are few and far between, would have handicapped you terribly in London. Should I "thole" through the hot season here I have an idea of taking another excursion in Africa, and I have promised my young friends to bring them with me. Certainly they are entitled to a little relaxation, and they ask me to say that they look forward to many pipes with you in the near future. This is the stuff brave men are made of, Emin.

"P.S.—I open this to say that we are all in sad distress about Stairs. He was lost last night in Waterloo Station, and I am organising a relief force to go in search of him."

BRITISH MOCKING-BIRDS.

ONE is accustomed to associate mocking-birds and night-singers with tropical or Brazilian forests, but Britain has several quite remarkable mocking-birds and night-warblers of its own. About half a dozen of these are imitators by nature, and in other cases legitimate wild birds are known to acquire songs other than their own, and to revel in singing them. There is but little wonder in this if we once admit that notes in birds are no more innate than language is in man, and depend entirely on outside influence. This, at least, was the opinion of the Hon. Daines Barrington, and he only qualified the statement to the extent that the song of one bird might be acquired by another, so far as the organs of the one would enable it to imitate the sounds which it had frequent opportunities of hearing. This statement, strange as at first sight it may appear, is by no means based on theory, but is the outcome of actual experiment. Barrington educated three nestling linnets under a skylark, woodlark, and meadow-lark respectively, and each, instead of singing its own song, adhered entirely to that of its instructor. To give additional scientific value to the experiment, the linnet which had been educated by the meadow-lark was placed for three months in a room with two birds of its own kind, which were then in full song. It never borrowed a single passage, however, from the songs of its own species, but adhered steadfastly to that of the meadow-lark.

The idea that birds sing by "instinct"—a convenient term under which much ignorance is hidden—is dispelled by the fact that if taken from the nest when a day or two old young birds are quite unable to imitate the song of their parents; and a case is on record of a house-sparrow, which in a wild state only chirps, having learnt the song of the linnet and goldfinch by being brought up near these birds. A goldfinch which was taken from the nest when a day or two old, and having no opportunity of learning the song of its own species, learnt instead that of a Wren. The wren's song was acquired from a wild bird which sang outside a garden window at which the goldfinch was hung. Other birds which have accurately acquired songs other than their own are the whinchat, wheatear, and bullfinch; while the nightingale is peculiarly apt to acquire the songs of other species.

These facts refer mainly to birds in confinement, but wild birds frequently learn the songs of other singers. Bechstein gives an account of a redstart that had built under the eaves of his house, and which imitated the song of a caged chaffinch in a window underneath; while another in his neighbour's garden repeated some of the notes of a blackcap, which had a nest close by.

Perhaps our most accomplished mocking-bird is the garrulous little sedge-warbler. This is one of our most interesting summer birds, and it lives out the warm months among beds of reeds and rushes wherever these are found. Although a not uncommon bird, it is hardly ever seen, and almost seems to be dispossessed of a corporal existence. The fluted reeds constitute its game preserves, and it ceaselessly sings as it climbs among them. It is quite one of the night-singers; and as it reproduces in fragments the songs of many species, the country-folk have dubbed it not only mocking-bird but also "fisherman's nightingale."

Evening comes, the loud-swelling volume of bird-sounds softens as darkness deepens, and of the day-birds only the polyglot wood-thrush is heard. It is then that the sedge-warbler listens to the bird-choir of the woods, and after selecting a note from this and another from that, the little mimic runs up and down the gamut in the most riotous fashion, parodying not only the loud, clear whistle of the blackbird, but the wholly different soft, sweet notes of the willow-wren. This is kept up through the night, and the puzzle is to know when the little musician ever sleeps. If the sedge-warbler ceases its song through any hour of the day or night, a clod thrown into the bushes will immediately set it going again.

Like most birds gifted with great powers of song, the blackcap is another of our British mocking-birds. It is not only an imitator of the notes of other birds, but occasionally detracts from the wild sweetness and lute-like mellowness of its own song by the introduction of variations. Sweet, in his "British Warblers," says that the blackcap is a real mocking-bird, and will catch the notes of any bird that it chances to hear sing. He heard it imitate the nightingale so accurately as to deceive him, also the blackbird, thrush, and garden-warbler, all of which it imitated so closely that it was almost impossible to detect it, except when it ran from one song into another, or showed itself on the outside of its corral of boughs. Another mimic of the sylvan choir is the orange-billed blackbird. It imitates closely parts of the nightingale's song, and it has not unfrequently been heard to crow like a barn-door cock and cackle like a hen. Many of the titmice are miniature mocking-birds, and the coletit has been heard to compound a note, which it repeated twenty times or so, and then seemed to forget.

Like the sedgebird, the reed-warbler is an incessant singer, and the varied notes, loud and hurriedly delivered, are frequently those of birds which it is constantly mocking. The greenfinch, again, is quick in acquiring notes not its own, and in confinement imitates the songs of its fellow-captives. The icterine warbler, one of the rarer of the British marsh-minstrels, but so common on certain parts of the Continent that even the smallest garden annually has its pair—the icterine warbler is a mocking-bird of the first order. It reproduces the songs of all the singing birds about it, and is especially successful in counterfeiting the cries of the greenfinch, swallow, golden oriole, woodchat, and the alarm note of the willow-wren. Sterne's starling—a bird as sentimental as the "Journey" itself—will be remembered as long as English literature; and a bird of my acquaintance was quite as remarkable in its way. It had its nest under the eaves of the house, just outside my bedroom window. One morning, just at sunrise, and as I lay awake, I heard the wild whistle and wilder cry of the curlew within a few feet of my head; and proceeding immediately to the window, I was treated to quite a remarkable concert. There, perched on the edge of the spout, with the pigeons for an audience, sat a starling. Its wings were drooped, its throat ruffled, and as its head wagged from side to side it emitted the most remarkable series of sounds and self-satisfied chuckles. In the most ridiculous fashion it ran amuck of every bird of the neighbourhood, and others which it must have heard far from it and remembered. It was a whole bird-chorus in itself, and its short "sketches" were inimitable. No feathered thing was sacred; it parodied each in turn. This starling was evidently one of nature's humorists, and the clever manner in which it "fooled" the denizens of the garden-ground was quite inimitable.

Another British bird, the grasshopper warbler, is a ventriloquist as well as a mimic. This little hideling of the brake owes its name to the striking resemblance of its reeling note to the peculiar chirruping sound made by the large green grasshopper. The power of so-called "ventriloquism" has been rightly explained by the fact of the bird turning its head from side to side while singing, and so seeming to change the direction whence the sound comes. It has also been suggested that the high pitch of the note has something to do with the marvellous bewilderment it causes.

Another accomplished British mocking-bird, even in its wild state, is the jay; though, owing to its extreme shyness, it is perhaps less frequently heard than the birds previously mentioned. The wariness of the jay is more characteristic at certain seasons than others. It is loud enough in the winter woods, or even in autumn, and its mocking imitativeness would seem to be connected with pairing-time in spring; though immediately after this it becomes the most silent bird of the woodlands.

If mimicry and imitativeness is common in wild birds, it is infinitely more so in those kept in confinement. In acquiring the art of song, the perseverance of the parent birds and the docility of the young are worthy of all admiration. On the Continent there are numerous singing schools for birds.

From accurate research, it is found that during the first few weeks of a bird's life it learns the call-notes of its kind; so that if it is intended to teach a song other than its own, it must be taken early from the nest. It is found that birds do not sing by instinct, that they sing only the song which is taught them, and birds which are not heard to sing in nature may be taught to do so under proper tuition.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

IX.—THE STRAND.

ALMOST every year there are whole weeks at a time when the Strand is not up for repair, and then is the Rambler's chance. Like Fleet Street, into which it runs for "pars," the player's staff of life, it is without a duplicate in any city in the world. "All the Strand's a stage," says its poet lightly; and a stage indeed it is, this clachan of great actors and little ones, and bohemianism gone to riches and rags, and much publicity and mean endeavour.

The Rambler moves through the street of the actors, but it is not his part to judge the player's calling, of which indeed he has no high opinion. He would that he thought otherwise, for when the lights are in and the comedy minces to its merry end none is more gay than he, and unkindly seems the after-thought that men and women were not brought into the world to dance that he may laugh. For these children who never quite reach the estate of man he has the affection given to all those who make us happier, but when the make-believe is removed from their faces, and they are to act no more till seven p.m., then he wonders that this life can content them, and he feels that as part of a great nation they are of little account.

But we are in the Strand to look on, rather than to moralise. It is the actor's Rotten Row, as well as his place of business, and he leaves his heart in it every night when he goes home to his villa at Maida Vale, or his lodgings in Bloomsbury. A new street of theatres is forming in Shaftesbury Avenue, where fifty years hence the players may congregate by day to speak about themselves, and say "How are you? what will you drink?" which is the actor's form of salutation. As yet, however, they remain true to the Strand, and not even in Piccadilly in the season will you see so many known faces as here if the day be moderately fine. Often you know the face, but you cannot give it a name, for you last saw it in the theatre—made up—where it looked out upon you as from behind a veil. Yet photography has done much for the actor, and you may discover who this one is by dropping a penny into a slot at the next street-corner. If you are a smoker you know him already by his face on vesta boxes; and should the object of your curiosity be a lady, you will find her in any stationer's window between a bishop and a Cabinet Minister. Fame was never so cheap as nowadays. You and your friend may buy it for nothing by sending paragraphs about each other to the society column of the halfpenny papers.

The most splendid figure in the Strand after night has fallen is the actor-manager in black-and-white and a diamond, as he stands at the entrance to his theatre to give it a certificate of